

# APPLETONS' JOURNAL

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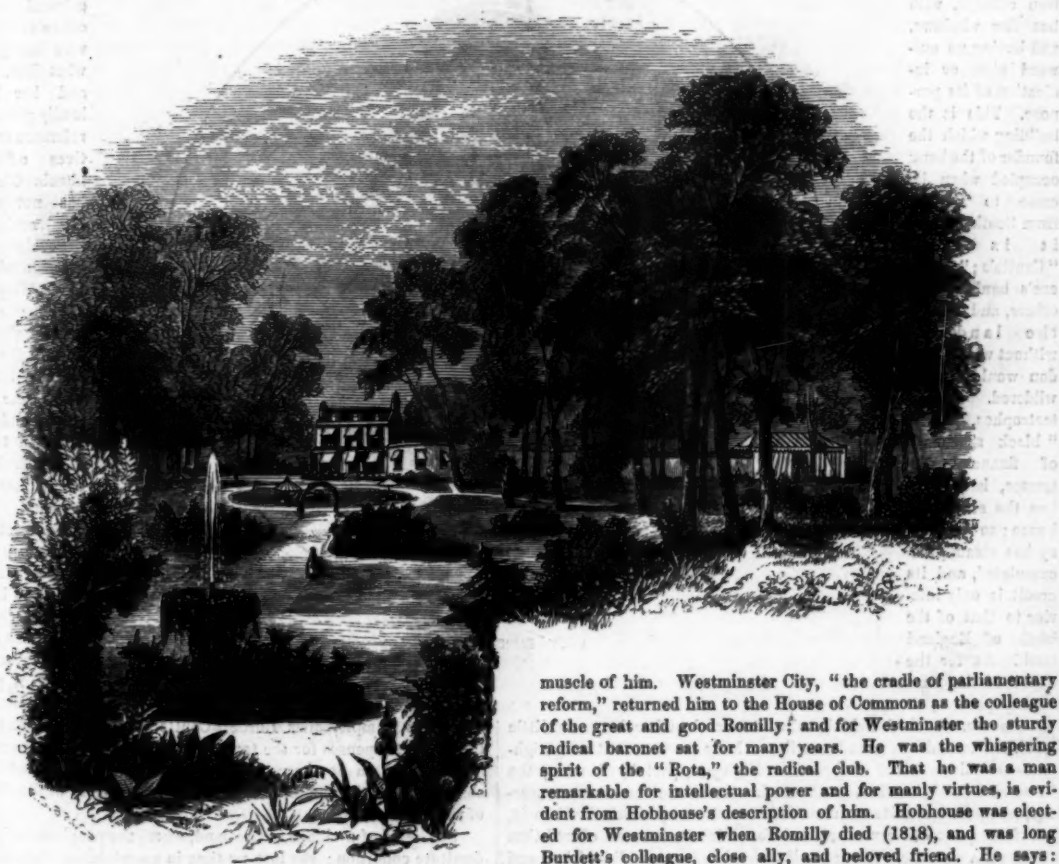
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## BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.



HOLLY LODGE, HIGHGATE.

SIR FRANCIS BURDETT is, for the most part, forgotten by this generation; yet, in his day, which is not so very distant, few names were oftener in the mouths of men, and few could evoke more enthusiastic cheers from an English crowd. Sir Francis was one of the political giants of the Regency, the reign of "Gentleman George," and the Reform-Bill era. He was, perhaps, the first who was ever called "Radical" in England. Lord John Russell was a dilettante reformer, but Burdett was a reformer heart and soul, every bone and

muscle of him. Westminster City, "the cradle of parliamentary reform," returned him to the House of Commons as the colleague of the great and good Romilly; and for Westminster the sturdy radical baronet sat for many years. He was the whispering spirit of the "Rota," the radical club. That he was a man remarkable for intellectual power and for manly virtues, is evident from Hobhouse's description of him. Hobhouse was elected for Westminster when Romilly died (1818), and was long Burdett's colleague, close ally, and beloved friend. He says: "My principal associate—indeed, my constant guide—was my colleague. Sir Francis Burdett was endowed with qualities rarely united. A manly understanding and a tender heart gave a charm to his society such as I have never derived, in any other instance, from a man whose principal pursuit was politics. He was the delight both of young and old." Hobhouse describes Burdett's manner as most winning, unaffected, and gentle; yet he was, on occasion, a person of rare though quiet energy and determination. His friend thought him, "as a parliamentary orator, without an equal." He was lofty in stature, with a musical voice, a remarkable command of language, at once easy, natural, and impressive, sincere,

too, and above-board. Canning and Tierney, themselves famous speakers, coincided in declaring Sir Francis Burdett "very nearly, if not quite, at the head of the orators of their day."

The newly-created Baroness Burdett-Coutts of Highgate, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, is the youngest daughter of the renowned contemporary and oratorical rival of Brougham, Canning, Lyndhurst, and Peel. Her second surname is derived from the family of her mother, who was the daughter of Thomas Coutts, a very wealthy London banker. This gentleman (the grandfather of lady Burdett-Coutts), dying, left his immense property to his widow, who was his second wife, but entailed in favor of his granddaughter; so that when the dowager (having meanwhile married the Duke of St Albans) died, in 1837, the property passed into the possession of Miss Burdett, who thereon assumed the name of Coutts, by the royal sign-manual. From that time until 1868, over thirty years, Miss Burdett-Coutts was the sole proprietor of the ancient and prosperous banking-house of Coutts & Co. This bank is considerably more than a century

old. The visitor to London, in passing along the Strand, may observe an old, musty building, protected by high iron railings, with but few windows, and having no outward sign or indication of its purpose. This is the building which the founder of the bank occupied when he came to London from Scotland, and it is still "Coutts's;" Dickens's bank, among others, and one of the landmarks without which London would be bewildered. No catastrophes, panics, "black seasons" of financial distresses, have shaken the sturdy old house; so the money has steadily accumulated, and its credit is only inferior to that of the bank of England itself. As for the share of the new-made peeress, it

is immense. Shrewd British calculators reckon her fortune at little less than ten million pounds sterling. Lady Burdett-Coutts of Highgate—she lives in old umbrageous Highgate, just by London, the home of Coleridge and Leigh Hunt—has won fame and a barren peerage, by qualities quite as remarkable as those by which Sir Francis, her father, became renowned, and for which he too was offered (but declined) a peerage. She, as well as he, has been public-spirited and noble-minded; a pattern woman of wealth, who has used her wealth with a more than royal hand—for royalty is seldom benevolent except for show's sake—and who is honored as much for her practical and earnest patriotism, and keen interest for all that concerns her land, and its people, as for her lavish bestowals of charity. She is not only a wealthy person who heads subscriptions with generous figures; she has unusual abilities, notable social graces, abounding personal goodness, a sphere of love of her kind, which lend a warmth and flavor to what she does, and lead her to add those kind and delicate acts to her great gifts which win gratitude as keen as do the gifts themselves. She is a politician and an economist; is the friend of

statesmen and scholars; and exercises a hospitality which is extended as freely to visiting Belgian regiments as to lords, ladies, and the comfortable partners in the house of Coutts.

Her new titular honors are, indeed, barren in one respect, for no long line of descendants will bear them; will either honor them, as the title of Argyll has been honored, or disgrace them as the titles of Hastings, Hamilton, and Newcastle, have been disgraced. One of the qualifications for nobility, according to ancient heraldry, is "achievements." In achievements, of a certain sort, lady Burdett-Coutts is surely preëminent; and not less worthy are they of the baronial coronet than many achievements on the field, in the cabinet and court, and in public enterprise. One claim to the remembrance of posterity, according to Hamlet, is "the building of churches." The new peeress has, then, a double title to a good renown in the future; for she has not only built churches, but established parishes, erected cathedrals, and founded bishoprics. Three dioceses after the fashion of the Church of England—one at the Cape of Good Hope, one in

Australia, and one in British America—owe their existence, and in a large measure their present support, to the colossal munificence of this lady; who has practiced what Mrs. Jellyby and her like so loudly preach with reference to the natives of Booribhoola Gha. She has not confined her ecclesiastical benevolence to 'foreign missions;' for in Westminster stands one of the noblest church edifices in the metropolis, St. Stephen's, and near by a school and rectory attached to it, all of which she erected at her private expense. When the subject of making new explorations of Jerusalem began to be mooted in England, and a plan was matured to discover and excavate, if possible, the remains of King

Solomon's Temple, Miss Burdett-Coutts came forward and offered to bear the expenses for the topographical survey of the sacred city. She founded, in Southern Australia, a sort of school and hospital combined, for the mental and physical advancement of the aborigines of the island.

She heard of a village in Scotland, where the people were in a most destitute condition; she lost no time in ascertaining their real state, and then paid the passages of the whole community to Australia, at whose plentiful mines and in whose sunny and prolific fields they prospered, and sent back grateful messages. At Cape Clear and Skibbereen the fishermen could not live by their industry, and were sinking to a state of beggary. An appeal to this lady was responded to at once, and she helped some of them to emigrate to this continent, while others she supplied with the necessities of life and a new stock in trade. These people have carried with them, to the confines of the earth, the fame of her charities, and the story of her goodness is told in Australian gold-fields and in Canadian lumber-forests.

But these instances do not tell the half of her help to the human



LADY BURDETT-COUTTS.

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kind. Immediately surrounding her, at home in England, above all in London, and its squalid and miserable purlieus, are her favorite fields of work and aid. That she is a wise and reasoning, as well as generous woman, may be seen by the specially keen interest she has always taken in education. She rightly sees that this is the sovereign known panacea, though one operating somewhat remotely, for most of the ills that society is heir to. She has not that dullish prejudice against the "lower classes" reading and writing, which betrays itself now and then in the aristocratic class to which she belongs. Some English nobles have a vague idea that education is going to finally upset their caste. They do not see that education is inevitable, and prepare for their own future by keeping parallel with it in the measure of their usefulness to the land. Baroness Coutts has no such qualms. Born in a high family, her sympathies are all for the poor and lowly—that they may be lifted, and in themselves assert "the manhood of man." She established, years ago, a system of rural free schools. This act was an inspiration; for her rural-school plan almost as truly lies at the foundation of the present English system of education, and especially the present method of vigilant government inspection, as do our free common schools at the foundation of our educational system. When Spitalfields—that grimy, murky, squalid, and most mournful London quarter—was at the verge of famine, her benefactions came timely and profuse, and a longer lease of life was given to hundreds of poor wretches in whom she recognized a kindred English blood. One of the most miserable slums of London, once called Nova-Scotia Gardens—and a fine irony lurked in the last word of this appellation—was, by her spirit and charitable investment, converted into open, clean, airy streets, with cheerful houses, and trees and grass-plots here and there; and her tenantry there residing—in fact, her tenantry everywhere—are never too hard pressed when rent-day comes. Columbia Square, as this place is now called, is a far grander monument for posterity to admire, than the brass, porphyry, and alabaster, in the great Abbey. Not far off is another enduring mark of her care for the poor of London, Columbia Market. This is a noble, airy building, and therein, as a result of Lady Coutts's planning, provision is secured to the meagre in purse at cheap rates, and in the healthiest condition. Truly, she has worthily striven to "fill the hungry with good things." To this day she goes in person among the people for whom she has done so much; sees to it herself how they are "getting on," and always carries with her, in her frequent journeyings to places where escutcheoned carriages are otherwise rarely seen, a full purse, which is lighter when she returns. Indeed, the account of her charities is so long as to become almost wearisome. Taking, as she does, a practical view of things, a good, common-sense, womanly view, her generosity is seldom wasted or ill-placed.

At Shepherd's-Bush is a reformatory for fallen women, which is, perhaps, the most successful establishment of the kind in England; it was founded by Miss Burdett-Coutts, and is supported from her endowments. In connection with this she has inaugurated a system by which the unfortunate souls who find refuge there, having been reformed and restored to honest ways, may, if they like, emigrate, and begin a new career in some new land. Perhaps of all the good done by this great-souled Englishwoman, nothing has been so productive of salutary results as this reformatory; how must she (being mortal) glory in its success, and be happy in the thought that through her medium so many have been stopped in a path which leads far down to the very blackest of earthly miseries!

It is difficult to exaggerate the estimation in which the baroness is held in her own picturesque little village of Highgate. It is situated on a hill which is fairly crowded with shade-trees, and overlooks all London. On the side of the hill is her noble estate, with its high wall running along the road, its lawns sweeping down to one natural terrace after another, and its solid old house back in among the clumps of oak and chestnut, to which broad avenues, curving up between the sward, wind on either hand. Just above is the quaint old village where Coleridge used to wander with his "far-off" look; with a curious little old-fashioned square on the hill-crest, and some of the most antique-looking streets and houses to be found in England. Almost any day, as you pass up the hill, you may happen to catch a glimpse of a fresh, pleasant face, with a bright, open expression, in a jaunty carriage, passing to or from the grand old estate; and you will not fail to note that the greetings of the village folk have a touch of affection mingled with their respectfulness. What

Highgate will do without Lady Burdett-Coutts, it is painful to think. Probably every poor child in the place has something to know and thank her for.

She is the first lady who has ever been created a peeress for works of benevolence; almost the first who has been so honored for merits of her own. Charles II., James II., and the first two Georges, created their mistresses peeresses. More recently, the widow of George Canning was made a viscountess in recognition of her husband's eminence as a statesman; and when Disraeli ceased to be prime-minister, and declined a peerage for himself which the queen tendered, she did a graceful thing in making Mrs. Disraeli Viscountess Beaconsfield. Perhaps it is better that there should be but one Burdett-Coutts peerage, and that the title should die with its first possessor; for no succeeding one could add to its generous lustre.

## "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

### A TALE IN THREE PARTS.

By RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

#### CHAPTER XV.—WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

CERTAINLY it is sleepy work, driving to Huelgoat. The day is one of those that remind one of a bad painting or of the landscape on a papier-maché tea-tray: garish, staring, inartistic. The sky is all dead blue, and the trees are all dead green. Jingle, jingle, jingle, tingle, sound the bells; jig, jog, with their noses down to their knees, go the horses along the road—that is white as flour, and quite as powdery. Up long-backed hills, down long-backed hills; up, down, up, down; there is no end to it. The driver forgets to flick his whip, and cry "*Allez! allez!*" He sits swaying to and fro in the sunshine, fast asleep. He looks old and starveling, as if he had never had enough to eat in all his life. Great sweeps of fern and gorse spread around, only broken by little miserable patches of oats and *blé noir*; endless reaches of desolate moorland—gray, barren, silent. It makes one shiver, even in this broiling noon, to think how the north wind must rush and rage over these eerie wolds, these awful *landes*, on a January night. Jig jog, jig jog. The road still twists, twists always, like a white snake writhing its endless folds about the hills.

"I wonder how they are getting on?" says Lenore, after a twenty-minutes' silence, blinking in the sun, and trying to believe that she is enjoying herself.

"They! Who?" asks Paul, with an absent start.

"Jemima and Mr. Scrope, to be sure."

"I do not know about your sister, I'm sure," replies Paul, leaning back, and resting his head against the stained and discolored leather of the old hood; "I have not known her long enough to say; but, as I knew Scrope when he was in round jackets, and have seen a good deal of him, off and on, ever since, I can tell you to a nicety what he is doing, if you wish."

"What?"

"He is lying on his back, in the coolest place he can find, and drinking claret-cup, if he can ask for it in French, which I doubt; but if not, brandy and seltzer, cider and siphon, any thing—certainly *drinking*; and as certainly making love to some one—the landlady, the *femme de chambre*, your sister, perhaps, if she does not snub him as resolutely as she does me."

"Poor dear Mima!" says Lenore, laughing. "She will be sorely puzzled to know how to take it if he does."

"If it is not your sister, it is somebody else," says Paul, tilting his hat over his nose, and closing his eyes; "he is the sort of fellow that one could not trust alone in the room with his own grandmother for five minutes."

"Indeed!"

"Generally," pursues Paul, in a sleepy voice, "after a two days' acquaintance, he proposes to every woman he sees; if she refuses him, he asks her to be a sister, or mother, or aunt, or something of the sort, to him; if she accepts him, he is off by the next train, and never heard of (by *her*, at least) again."

"He must remind one of the saying that the best way to be rid of a troublesome friend is to lend him a five-pound note."

Their talk flags; the dust seems to have got into it; there is no juice in it. A little public-house stands by the roadside, a bunch of



box over the door, to show that they sell cider there. Inside, a woman with a distaff, an old, old woman, all grin and wrinkles, every wrinkle filled up with dirt. Immensely tall pigs, with finely-arched backs, noses like greyhounds, and legs like antelopes, throng about the door. Now and again a primitive cart passes; the shaggy, unkempt horses prick their ears and rear and plunge, as if they had never seen a civilized being before. With hardly less astonishment do their wild-eyed drivers stare. It is three o'clock and past by the time that Paul and Lenore reach Huelgoat—Huelgoat, sitting in the sunshine, at the very end of the world, beside her still gray tarn.

"I am rayenous," says Lenore, gayly, as they jingle up the dead gray street. "I ate no breakfast, did you? One cannot eat in that smell. What shall we have? Outlets, trout? There ought to be trout in that lake."

"Do not be too sanguine," answers Paul, shaking his head; "it is uncharitable to judge by appearances, but, from a bird's-eye view of Huelgoat, I should say that whitebait was hardly less unlikely than trout or outlets."

No one, it seems, at first sight, lives at the Hôtel de Bretagne, at least no one appears. They descend from the Américaine, and enter a flagged passage, with two doors exactly opposite each other, one on each side. That on the left is open, and gives admittance into a bright and fireless kitchen—innocent of the very faintest odor of cooking. A woman, in a cap that is a cross between a night-cap and a chimney-pot of the hooded kind, comes to meet them, with an immense white collar and a clean sour face.

"What did monsieur and madame wish?"

"Monsieur and madame wish for something to eat, now, immediately, à l'instant."

"Monsieur and madame can have some bread and butter—some cheese; there is unhappily nothing else in the house *au moment*."

"Nothing else in the house!" repeats Lenore, with angry volubility. "Why, there is a chicken! I saw it. I see it now, there!" pointing with her finger to where a long, lean cock lies, lank and plucked, in a meat-safe in the passage.

"There is, as madame has observed, a chicken, a superb chicken, but he is for the table d'hôte."

"But we are dying, perishing, *affamés*!" cries Lenore, eking out her uncertain talk with plentiful gesticulation.

"Monsieur and madame can have some bread and butter—some excellent cheese—an omelette."

It takes ten minutes of entreaties, expostulations, prayers, before she can be over-persuaded to the sacrifice of the "superb" chicken. On being asked how soon it will be dressed, she answers, "Half an hour;" and, being earnestly besought to abridge that time, repeats, inexorably, "*Une demi-heure, de peu près*."

"Let us go into the *salle à manger* and shut the door," says Lenore, despondently. "It will drive me mad to see her pottering and dawdling about; and, if we watched her, she would only potter and dawdle the more, to spite us."

A quarter of an hour passes. They devour huge slices of the loaf, and make a clearance of three miserable little dry sardines, brought in on a plate. They look out of window at the silent street, call it Welsh, Irish—every ugly name they can think of. Lenore could not coquet with Paul now, were she to be shot for it; neither could Paul say any thing affectionate, even if under the same penalty. They are both far too hungry.

"Look if it has gone out of the meat-safe yet," says Lenore, presently.

"If it has not," replies Paul, gravely, "I am aware that it will be unmanly—but I shall cry."

He opens the door, and peeps out into the passage.

"It is there still!"

Despair for a few moments—then rage; then a rush into the bright kitchen opposite, bright with pewters and coarsely-painted pottery plates; bitter reproaches, quickly sunk in hopeless silence.

"Madame is unreasonable; madame must have patience; the fire is not yet lit!"

They return to the *salle à manger*, and Lenore sits down on the flagged floor, while her pretty blue gown makes what children call "a cheese" all around her. Paul stands over her in gloomy silence.

"How well I can understand now how shipwrecked mariners eat one another," she says, looking up at him, pathetically.

After a while a few coals of charcoal make a feeble glimmer in

the open hearth. The enemy with the chimney-pot cap takes the fowl—his sex plainly declared by the comb which still adheres to his head—and runs him once or twice through the flame to singe him; then, taking a few warm (not hot) coals, places them in a sort of tin box, and lays the carcass in the box at some distance from them.

"As if those wretched, half-dead embers could ever cook any thing!" cries Lenore, indignantly. They sit stupidly gazing through the two open doors.

"How does he look?"

"There is not a sign of cooking upon him," answers Le Mesurier, morosely. "He is as white as when he went in."

"He will be done only on one side," says Lenore, half crying; "is not she going to turn him at all?"

She comes in presently, and turns him over deliberately; then goes, with unfeeling calmness, about her other occupations.

"Well! Now?" (eyes sparkling, and her long neck stretched to look into the kitchen).

"There is a slight shade of brown coming over him," says Paul, with a smile. Ten minutes more, and he appears; his legs and arms are all straggling wildly about, his skin is burnt blacker than any coal, and his flesh is as pink as a bit of catchfly; but he is—oh, how delicious!

By-and-by, after he is eaten, and nothing but memory is left of his charms, they stroll out together down the dumb stone street, where tiny old-world children, in tight, white skull-caps, not showing a curl of their baby hair, are playing gravely in the gutter, with their long petticoats flapping about their heels and entirely hiding their little fat legs—where, just inside the doors, women in the home-dishabillis of filthy-white chimney-pots sit at their spinning-wheels.

Coming to Huelgoat is synonymous with putting back the clock two hundred years. Down by a mill, along a narrow path, across a ferny slope, to see the *pietre tremblante*. Great rounded boulders lie about like couchant elephants; dusky fir-woods clothe the hills, that rise so close and stern, and on their barren breasts great gray granite masses heave huge shoulders out of the heathy ground. Below, a little brawling stream slides coily under the great rocks, then bubbles coldly out again, talking to itself all the way and to the small marsh-flowers that grow about its low brim; a little mountain-beek, like a flashing smile on the valley's lips, like a silver chain about the hill's cool feet.

Paul and Lenore have been climbing the hills, have been straying among the piny odors, have been pushing and fighting their way through the thick bilberry-bushes, and now they are hot and tired. Lenore is kneeling on a flat gray stone, and, stooping low down, lays her mouth to the clear water and drinks.

"I am too old and stiff to be so supple," says Paul, with a smile of admiring envy. "Make me a cup of your hands; I have no letter in my pocket to make a leaky *cornucopia* of."

She complies, gravely. Joining her white hands together, she dips them into the water, and then holds them up for him to drink. He has to drink very fast, as the water runs out nearly as quickly as it came in. Then she stoops again, and bathes her head in the stream. The water rolls in diamond beads from her hair, and on to her turquoise-blue gown, as she kneels on the broad gray stone; long-legged flies are walking about on the stream; little blue butterflies hover round, like flying flowers that have grown tired of their stalks, and are gone visiting their kinsfolk. Paul is stretched on the short, fine grass on the other side of the brook, but yet not a span off. His elbows rest on the ground, and his hands are buried in his bronze beard. It is all so pretty, so lorn, so silent, as if, long ago, God had made this fair spot, and then forgotten it.

"Mr. Le Mesurier," says Lenore, suddenly, "do you think it was wrong of me to come with you here to-day? I would not ask any other man, because I know I should only get some silly, civil speech; but I know that you will tell me the truth, however disagreeable—perhaps" (laughing) "with all the more alacrity, the more unflattering it may be."

Paul lifts his head, and stares at her in some surprise at the demand made upon his veracity.

"Since when has your conscience grown so tender?" he asks, evasively. "Who has been putting such an idea into your head?—for I am sure it never grew there of itself."

"Jemima," she answers, dabbling her hand and her pocket-handkerchief in the bright water, with more than a child's delight. "When

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you came in this morning, she was in the middle of telling me how improper it was. I do not mind *Aer*; she is an old maid—or, at least, in her, coming events cast their shadows before. But I want you to tell me. Is it wrong, incorrect—*hasardé*, as the French say?"

"Not one of the three, in the very least," he answers, warmly. "The worst that any one can say of it is, that it is a little, a very little, unconventional."

"The woman with the eyes like a shot partridge would not have done it, I suppose?"

"Probably not." Then, seeing her look mortified: "If the woman with the eyes like a shot partridge has a fault, it is being in the slightest degree in too great bondage to Mrs. Grundy. She would hardly dare to go along the road to heaven, unless she knew that many very respectable people had gone there before her."

Silence, save for the low, small noise that the glossy bees make in visiting from heather-bloom to heather-bloom. The high sun is already sloping westward; in two or three hours one will be able to look him in the face.

"If I had but Joshua's gift!" says Paul, sighing, as he lies gazing up at the flawless sapphire above him. "If I could but say, with any hope of being obeyed, 'Sun, stand thou still!'"

"Why should you say so?" asks Lenore, opening her eyes, as she hastily wrings out her pocket-handkerchief, and lays it on the grass to dry. "Why should you wish to stop him? He will last quite long enough to light us home, and that is all we want him for to-day."

"To-day!" Yes," answers Le Mesurier, sighing again; "but, when one thinks that, in all human probability, he will shine upon us two together at Huelgoat never again!"

"He will shine upon us two together at Morlaix," says Lenore, playfully, "which will be much the same, will not it? Probably he will not only shine upon us, but will freckle us a good deal."

"He will not shine upon us *together* anywhere long," says Paul, rather crossly, as if vexed by her gayety.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I am going back to England the day after to-morrow; that is all."

"Going!" she repeats, while a cowardly, treacherous white spread over cheeks and lips; and her wet hands drop forgotten into her lap.

"Yes; I am going," answers Paul, his vain man's heart all astir at sight of her change of countenance, and his face gaining all the color hers has lost. "My people, who have never hitherto shown much propensity for my society, have suddenly found that I am indispensable to them."

She turns her head aside, and looks away toward the piny hills.

"So you are going away?" she says, almost under her breath.

"Well" (forcing a smile), "considering how inauspiciously our acquaintance began, we have got on very well together, have not we?"

"Very well," answers Paul, emphatically.

"We have managed to agree pretty well, although I am *not* your style" (with a perceptible accent on the last three words).

"Not my style? What do you mean?" he asks, reddening consciously.

"Although you *did* think it such a hardship coming on that tea-picnic with us down the Rance, although you *did* look at your watch so often and sigh so heavily! I thought once or twice" (laughing a little) "that you would have blown out Frederick's new-lit fire."

"Is it possible?" cries Paul, tragically; not in the least struck by the ridiculousness of the offence imputed to him, but rather by the state of mind in himself that such an offence evidenced.

Lenore bends her eyes on the ground; her fingers, ignorant of what they are doing, pluck at the fine blades of grass, and dwarf yellow flowers about her; her figure has a drooped air of languor.

"There was a pretty redness in her lip

A little riper and more lusty red

Than that mixed in her cheek; 'twas just the difference

Between the constant red and mingled damask."

"Yes, we have got on very well," she says, in a tone that is half a whisper and half a sigh.

Paul has risen to his feet, and now steps across the narrow barrier of the brook that parts them, and stands over her, with his hands in his pockets, and a strong emotion agitating his plain, burnt face.

"Lenore," he says, impetuously, "do not you think that we should get on very well together *always*?"

If only premeditated proposals came to pass, every parish-register would be the poorer by two-thirds of its marriages. When he set off this morning from Morlaix, Paul had as much idea of offering himself to Jenima as to Lenore; only he would not believe it now if you were to tell him so. At his words, she springs to her feet, and a slight quiver passes over her features.

"I think," she says, trying to laugh, "that we should quarrel a good deal."

"Lenore," says Paul, earnestly, "I do not know why I am asking you. You are not in the least the sort of woman that I ever pictured to myself as my wife, and I have no earthly business to ask *any* woman. My face" (with a rather grim laugh) "is my fortune, and you see what a handsome one that is; and yet—and yet—tell me, Lenore, am I worth living in a garret on cold mutton with?"

She gives him no speech in answer; only she stretches out her arms, and her eyes flash softly through her happy tears. He must read his answer there.

The beck tinkles at their feet; the butterflies hover about their heads; the sun gives them his broad, warm smile; and three little Breton girls, going a-bilberrying, with tin mugs in their hands, stand on a neighboring slope, aghast at the manners and customs of the British. She is lying in his arms, and he is kissing the beautiful lips that have kissed none but him, that (as he confidently thinks) will kiss none but him ever again.

"Are you sure," asks Lenore, presently, lifting her ruffled head from his breast, and smiling through her tears, "are you sure that you are asking me for yourself *this* time?"

"Quite sure."

"That it is not for Frederick?"

"No."

"Nor for Mr. Scrope?"

"No."

"Are you quite, *quite* sure that you like me?" she asks, drawing a little away from him, and reading earnestly his gray eyes, as if with more confidence in *their* truth than in that of his mouth.

"I am not at all sure of it," he answers, laughing. "You are not the sort of person that any one *could* like, but I am very sure that I *love* you, if that will do as well."

"Better than the shot-partridge woman?" she asks, smiling, half ashamed of her question, and yet with solicitude.

"Immeasurably better!" answers he, devoutly.

At that she seems satisfied, but in a very little while her restless doubts return.

"Paul," she says, withdrawing herself from his arms, "you have not yet asked me whether I like you."

"I suppose," he answers, gayly; "that I thought actions spoke louder than words."

"You did not think it worth while asking me," she says, reddening painfully, "because you were so sure of what the answer would be; you *knew* I was fond of you; you have known it all along! Oh, why did not I hide it better?" clasping her hands together, and flinging herself down, disconsolately, on the grass.

"I knew nothing of the kind," answers Paul, pulling his mustache, and looking very much embarrassed; "if, indeed, you had been any other woman, I might have been conceited enough to fancy from your manner that you did not dislike me, but as you are not in the least like any woman I ever saw in my life, I could not possibly argue from their manners and customs to yours."

"You are very kind," she answers, shaking her head, "trying to put me in good-humor with myself, but you cannot: I have been a lame hare—a lame hare!"

"Do not call my wife ugly names!" cries Paul, playfully, yet distressed, sitting down beside her; "it is very bad manners."

"If you had been less sure of me, you would have valued me a hundred times more," says the girl, with bitter mortification, fixing her solemn, tragic eyes on his face.

"Do not get into the habit of talking such nonsense!" retorts he, brusquely; all the more brusquely perhaps from a latent consciousness that there is a grain of truth in her self-accusation. "How many times must I tell you that I was *not* sure of you; that I did not know but that you might give me my *coup de grâce* with as little remorse as you did Mr. West?"

How Mr. Le Mesurier reconciles this astounding fib to his conscience, I must leave the reader to determine.

Another little silence; the bilberry children have disappeared in the wood; the long-legged flies are still promenading on the stream; the sleepy mellowness of afternoon is upon every thing.

"Paul," says Lenore, again presently, not in the least convinced by her lover's perjuries, and lifting a charming, quivering face to his—"can you swear to me that you did not ask me because I looked grieved at the news of your going? Can you swear to me that you like me *always*? Not only now, *here*, but *always*, all day and all night—even when you are away from me."

"Even when I am away from you, strange to say," he replies, heartily, drawing her fondly toward him.

"I know," she continues, not yielding to his caresses, but rather resisting them, "that while I am with you, I please you, as any man is pleased with the company of a young, good-looking woman, who has evident delight in his society; but when you are away from me—alone, in your own room at night, quietly thinking over things—do you like me *then*? do you approve of me *then*?"

He looks a little pained at first by this puzzling catechism; then putting an arm of fond and resolute ownership round her, answers gravely, but without hesitation:

"Lenore, since you are bent on tormenting yourself and me with these ridiculous doubts and questionings, I will tell you the very truth: I would not have loved you if I could have helped it; for the last three weeks I have been trying *honestly* to dislike you. I have told myself over and over again—yes, I have even told West too, that I did not admire you; I have pretended to hold you cheap; I have said that you were *fast*—that I could see you had a temper—that you were bad form—that you were not even pretty—God forgive me for such a lie!" breaking off suddenly, to smooth her ruffled hair.

"Well; go on," she says, curly, impatient of the interruption, while her cheeks wear as deep a dye as the strewn petals of a red rose.

"I felt—well, to tell truth, I feel now" (laughing), "that you were not a woman that a man would have an easy time with. Lenore, I shall be frantically jealous of you; I shall very often fly into a rage with you—"

"There!" cries Lenore with spirit, "we shall be quits; for I never stayed in the house with any one for a fortnight in my life, without quarrelling *d'outance* with them."

"You are," continues Paul, still smiling, "as unlike as it is possible to be to the patient Grizzel, the amiable fond drudge, that I have always imagined trudging humbly through life beside me; I cannot fancy you trudging humbly beside any one; you would be more likely to stalk on *in front* of them, with your head up—but yet—but yet Lenore—look me in the face for as long as you please—the longer the better—I defy even you to find any falsehood there—I would not change you now for all the Grizzels in Christendom."

"Would not you?" she says, softly laying her head caressingly down on his shoulder, "I am glad!"

"Poor darling!" he says, with a passionate pang of self-reproach, "I wish I was better worth being glad of."

Neither speaks for a few moments, and both are happy. Lenore, womanlike, is the first to break silence.

"Paul," she says, lifting her head from its new resting-place, laying a hand with innocent familiarity upon each of his shoulders, and scanning closely his face, which looks even less handsome under this minute inspection than when viewed from the respectful distance at which his acquaintance are wont to regard it, "do you know that I am not at all nice? Not at all; quite the contrary. I would not have told you, only that I am sure that you would very soon have found it out for yourself: hitherto, I have not cared whether I was or no; but I am not a nice person, certainly. As yet you have seen only the best of me."

"The best of you!" cries Le Mesurier, raising his brows in feigned dismay, "if what I have seen be the *best* of you, what *must* the worst be?"

She smiles. "You remind me of the man, who, when his lady-love refused him, saying that she wondered how he could have the presumption to propose to her, as she had never shown him any thing but her coldest manner, answered that if such were her coldest manners, he shuddered to think what her warmest must be." The laugh becomes a duet. "Do not you remember," continues Lenore, gravely, "what Miss Richland says in Goldsmith's 'Good-natured Man'? 'Our sex are like poor tradesmen that put all their best goods to be seen in the windows.' All my best goods are in my windows."

"Why do not you leave me to make these discoveries for myself?" asks Paul, half-vexed, half-playfully. "Why do you tell me? it is like telling me the end of a novel."

"Do not you see," she says, eagerly, "that I want you to know the worst of me at once?"

"And about how bad is the worst?" asks Paul, jestingly, as he takes her two hands, and puts them about his own neck, while he gazes at his leisure into the shady depths of her deep-fringed eyes, "is it that you have a will of your own?—I know that already—I knew it from the day when you first burst upon my dazzled sight in Stéphanie's cap and petticoat—is it that you snub your sister? I know that too—is it—"

"Oh, do not joke," she says, earnestly, "it is no joking matter, but I will try to be nicer for the future; I *will*, indeed, for your sake! I will begin directly—to-morrow."

"Why not to-day?" (smiling).

"I shall have no temptation to resist to-day," she answers, simply. "To-day I am too happy to be wicked."

Again he presses her to his heart, with a feeling of remorse, as one that has been given a good gift, and prizes it not according to its worth.

"O poor child!" he cries, with emotion, "why are you happy? Is it because you have made the worst and most losing bargain ever woman made since first this cheating world began?"

"I have been so lucky all my life," she says, with a pensive smile. "From a little child, I have always succeeded in getting what I wanted! You are the first person whose love I ever wished for, and—is it forward of me to tell you so?—I wished for it from almost the first day I saw you, rude and surly as you were to me—and now, so you tell me, do not you? Against your will I have got even that."

"There is not much doubt of it," answers Paul, with more emphasis than eloquence. "Oh, perverse, pretty darling! What blessed contrariety ever induced you to take a fancy to such an ugly, ill-conditioned devil as I? Most women hate the sight of me."

"And you return the compliment with interest," rejoins Lenore, smiling, "so Frederick told us. That was what first made me think of you. O Paul!" (her gravity returning, and the unbidden tears rising to her eyes), "was there ever an instance of any one being happy always? or shall I have to pay for my good luck by-and-by?"

"Do not talk like that," says the young man, hastily, with a pained look; "it makes me feel as if I had been misleading you, and yet God knows I have not done so consciously. O love!" (with an accent of bitterness) "you will find soon enough that there is nothing alarmingly fortunate in the lot you have drawn."

"If you think," she answers, with a spirited smile, "that I am deceiving myself in my estimate of you, you are mistaken; I am not elevating your excellences at the expense of my own; if I am not remarkably amiable, neither I am sure are you; we shall probably lead a cat-and-dog life, to the edification of all our neighbors—but yet, try as you may to persuade me to the contrary, it still seems—it will *always* seem to me—good luck to belong to you. Come, let us go!"

As she speaks, she rises, and stands beside the little quarrelsome stream, tall, and straight, and beautiful, with a grave, fond smile on her shut lips, and a bulrush wand in her small white hand; his own, his very own, and not another man's.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## MORTON HOUSE.\*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMER."

### CHAPTER XXXIX.—MISS TRESHAM'S REPLY.

THIS time, at least, Katharine could not mistake the meaning of what she heard. Deliberately—with his eyes open, and every outward appearance of a sane man—Mr. Warwick asked her if she would marry him! It is not too much to say that amazement literally superseded every other feeling with her. It is seldom, indeed, that

\* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1871, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

an offer comes with quite such a force of unexpected surprise. Usually, if there is no positive preparation, there is a suspicion at least, a word, a glance, or, it may be, only a tone, to show what is coming. But here there was absolute want of preparation, absolute astonishment, and, for a time at least, absolute incapacity to reply. Then the realities of the occasion began to assert themselves; and Katharine tried to meet the emergency.

"It seems impossible that you can be in earnest, Mr. Warwick," she said; "but if—if you are, I scarcely know what to say to you."

"Would you like time to consider?" he asked. "If so, take it."

"No, I do not require time to consider," she replied. "No amount of consideration could teach me any fitting words in which to thank you—in which to say to you how deeply I feel the kindness which has made you speak to me thus. I see, I feel, why you have done so; but"—clasping her hands, and speaking passionately—"you certainly cannot think so poorly of me as to believe that I would repay all that you have done, all that you would do for me, by marrying you because I am poor and lonely; because I need a home and a friend?"

"My dear Miss Tresham," said he, smiling gravely, "I am not a romantic or passionate lover like the man whom you have already rejected. I was not very much addicted to passion or sentiment in my youth; but now—well, now I am equally beyond the age and the inclination for either. Still I think I may say that I love you well enough to be willing to be accepted even on those terms. Don't look so much astonished"—as her eyes opened on him large and startled. "I have spoken on the strength of an unaccountable impulse. When I entered this room, I had not the least intention of such a thing. I was sure you would marry Annesley. It was only when I discovered my mistake that I thought I might give you the option of accepting or rejecting—a man old enough to have left love-making behind him! Only"—here he took a short turn up and down the room—"the heart will not grow old with years. We may think that it does, we may flatter ourselves that it has, until suddenly there comes an hour when passion, strong as any passion of youth, seizes it, and we know that age has left one citadel unconquered. I tell you this," he went on, pausing again in front of her, "because I do not wish you to think that I have asked you to marry me simply on account of your lonely position. I have loved you longer than you can imagine—longer than I knew myself—but it never occurred to me to think of telling you so. My age alone put such a declaration out of the question. Now, however—"

"Now you think of me!" cried Katharine, with a rush of tears—a softer shower than that which had driven poor Morton from the field—"O Mr. Warwick, I am so sorry, if I had known this earlier, I might perhaps have learned to love you, I might have been able to marry you; but, as it is, I—oh, pray forgive me—I cannot."

"You cannot promise to marry me, and trust that the love will come with time?"

She shook her head mournfully. Through her brimming tears, her eyes said again "Forgive me," as she answered, "I dare not."

"Think a moment," he said, in evident agitation. "Believe me, I do not press you from mere selfishness. Do you not think you like me even well enough to marry me for the sake of that home and that friend of which you spoke a moment ago?"

"I like you too well, much too well for that," she cried, passionately. "Don't you see—ah, don't you see how it is! If I liked you a little less, I might marry you for such a motive; while if I liked you a little more, I should marry you for your own sake. But, standing between the two, I only feel your generous effort to make me happy. I am only sure that I should repay you very ill, if I accepted you for any reason but the right one."

There was silence for some time after this. Through her tears, Katharine glanced up into Mr. Warwick's face, and was surprised to see how grave and thoughtful it looked, as he stood with his eyes absently fastened on the fire. He did not know that she was looking at him; so he allowed an expression of troubled perplexity to betray itself, which he would otherwise have kept concealed. Something in this expression struck the girl with a vague foreboding of ill. The fear that had found such frequent expression when Annesley was with her, suddenly sprang to her mind and to her lips again. Before she was conscious of what she was doing, she leaned forward and touched his arm.

"Mr. Warwick," she said, as he turned quickly toward her, "I

am sure something is the matter—something in which I am concerned. Tell me what it is."

The quickness with which she leaped to a conclusion would have taken anybody but a lawyer by surprise—would have thrown anybody but a lawyer off his guard. It required all Mr. Warwick's professional command of countenance not to show how closely her shaft had struck home. As it was, he had only just presence of mind enough to smile.

"Why should you think that?" he asked. "Can't you imagine that I was thinking of myself, and my own great disappointment?"

"No, you were not thinking of yourself," she answered. "You were thinking of me—I am sure of it. Mr. Warwick, if it is any thing about St. John—it is something about St. John!" cried she, suddenly springing to her feet, as she caught an expression on his face that it was beyond his power to control. "I knew it! I felt sure of it! Oh!"—with a ring of imploring agony in her voice—"tell me what it is."

"Sit down, Miss Tresham," said Mr. Warwick, almost peremptorily. "There is no knowing what harm you may do yourself by this excitement. There has been a little trouble in Tallahoma, and Mr. St. John was mixed up in it," he added, quietly; "but I assure you every thing is right and straight now. Still, if you insist upon hearing about it—"

"Oh, indeed I do—!"

"I can give you an outline of the matter. I am sorry, however, that you force me to it, for I think you have had agitation enough for one day. Why, you are quivering like an aspen-leaf!"

"Never mind. I cannot help it, it is purely nervous. Go on, please; tell me what he has done."

As gently as possible Mr. Warwick told her, softening the blow by every means in his power. But no gentleness, no softness, could break its awful force, could shut out from her sight the hideous truth. "O my God!" she exclaimed, when she first clearly understood what it was that he had done. But after that, no sound came from her lips. She sat with her face buried in her hands, and only now and then a long, shuddering sigh seemed to shake her whole frame from head to foot. Even after Mr. Warwick ceased speaking—after he had made his last attempt at pitying comfort—she still sat bent down, crushed, as it were, by the double blow of anguish and disgrace.

"Miss Tresham, this will never do," said he, at last. "This is not like you—is it worthy of you? Can you find no comfort in the fact that no one is aware of Mr. St. John's complicity in the matter? Have you not sufficient reliance in me to feel that the secret is as safe with me as with yourself?"

"I should be the most ungrateful human being in the world if I did not feel it," said she, lifting her face—so pale and drawn, that it absolutely startled him—"but not even your kindness can alter the fact itself—the terrible, awful, overwhelming fact! Mr. Warwick, I never, never thought I could sink so low as this!"

"Which do you consider worst," said Mr. Warwick, coolly, "this conduct, or that of which you have spoken with regard to yourself?"

"Oh, this, this!"

"There I don't agree with you. The man who robs a defenceless woman, as this man has robbed you, does not, it is true, make himself amenable to the law, as when he breaks into a bank; but he does transgress the higher law—the moral law—as much, or, perhaps, more; and the man who violates the one, will not hesitate to violate the other, whenever he thinks that he can do so with impunity. Miss Tresham, believe me, you need not regret Mr. St. John's moral degradation—I mean that you need not think he has taken any deeper step. When he entered the bank to rob it, he was committing an act which made him liable to the penalties of the law, if the law could detect him; but he was not, even in degree, taking a deeper step in abstract dishonesty, than when he entered it to rob you!"

"But the disgrace—the terrible disgrace!"

"So far as that goes, so far as the opinion of the world goes, a thing cannot be disgraceful which is not known. If you trust me at all, trust me this far, nobody ever shall know of this."

"O Mr. Warwick—" once more the tears came, and ended all further speech. He made no effort to stop them, but walked away to the window, and left her to herself; sure that those tears would do more to relieve her heart and clear her brain than any words of his could. As he stood there, feeling sad and sore enough at heart, he



watched the last red glow of sunset fade from the top of some distant trees, and the lovely veil of spring twilight begin to steal over the earth. Something in the scene and in the hour carried his thoughts back to that evening when the doctor said that the life so near him now, the life at that moment throbbing with the emotions and sorrows of earth, would pass before morning into eternity, when he had gazed at the steady advance of night, and waited for Morton Annesley to decide whether or not the heart of that dying girl was his. "Poor fellow!" said the lawyer, half aloud, forgetting his own cause for wounded feeling in pitying the young man who had been so full of honest, impulsive grief. Strangely enough, he was standing at that moment exactly in the place where Morton had stood a few hours before waiting to hear his sentence. Katharine noticed it when she turned to speak, and saw that he had left her side.

"And, knowing this, you counselled me to marry Mr. Annesley!" she cried, her voice, with a sudden flash of indignation in it, making him start, as it rang through the silent room. "Oh, how could you do it? how could you think so meanly of me? how could you think that I would carry such a stain as this to a man who loved me?"

"You do not seriously think that your brother's conduct leaves any stain on you?" said he, coming back, with something of his usual slight, grave smile on his lip. "Miss Tresham, I am astonished at you! Such talk sounds like melodramatic nonsense in a novel or a play! If Annesley were here, he would tell you what I tell you for him, that Mr. St. John is not of the least importance when considered in connection with yourself. As for this affair in Tallahoma, I see but one result springing from it, and that is a good one. It has taken the scoundrel—the man out of your path. Trust me that, as long as you remain in Tallahoma, you have nothing to fear from him. He will never return there, for he knows that I hold evidence against him which would convict him in any court of law."

"And yet you let him go?"

"Yes, I let him go."

"On my account?"

"Do I need to tell you that? do you suppose any other motive could have induced me to spare him?"

"And you have done all this for me, while I—" she stopped, and covered her face with her hands, held them so a moment, and then looked up. "Mr. Warwick," she said, with exquisite gentleness, "I begin to appreciate your offer of a moment ago; I begin to see more clearly why you made it. I begin to understand that, when you offered me a home, you did so because no other home is open to me. You have not spoken of Mr. Marks. I feel sure that he does not wish me to return to them."

For the second time during the course of this interview Mr. Warwick's face betrayed him. The climax to her speech came so suddenly, that he was not prepared for it; and, feeling her eyes steadily fastened on him, he knew that evasion or concealment was useless. The truth had already shown itself, and the truth must be told.

"You are right, Miss Tresham," he said; "my sister's husband has fallen many degrees in my estimation, by his refusal to receive you again. But you mistake very much when you think that I asked you to marry me merely to offer you a home. It is true that your loneliness encouraged me to tell you of my love, but that love existed long before this loneliness came upon you."

"But still it is true—Mr. Marks does not wish me to return?"

"It is true," he answered. He could say no more, for he was too indignant with his brother-in-law to attempt to make excuses for his conduct (which really, if he had looked at it dispassionately, did not merit indignation), and he could not but be wounded by Katharine's indifference to those last words of his—words which had been so full of earnest feeling.

"Oh," said the girl, wearily, "how desolate I am, how very desolate! I cannot stay much longer with these kind people, and yet where to go, what to do? Mr. Warwick, am I asking too much of your kindness and forbearance when I beg you to advise me what to do?"

Mr. Warwick might have replied that he had already advised, and that his advice, in two different cases, had been unhesitatingly rejected. But he was one of the rare men—rarer, by far, than heroes, or geniuses, or exceptional wonders of any other description—who, on emergencies, can put themselves aside, and speak or act for others without any bias of egotism. He considered for a moment, and then he said:

"I think that Tallahoma would be the best place for you just now,

because Tallahoma is safe from Mr. St. John. You are not well enough to be molested by him, and you are only safe from that molestation when you are where he will not dare to venture. Will you allow me to ask if you gave him all the money which Marks paid to you?"

"All. I borrowed ten dollars from Mrs. Marks to go to Saxford—by-the-way, I must return it to you for her—and in Saxford I sold my watch, when I hardly knew what I was doing, to enable me to go farther. They were very honest at the hotel in Hartsburg. I found all that money safe in my bag when I got well. I have it still, for Mrs. Crump would not receive any before I left. She laughed, and told me I could settle the bill when I came back. Dr. Randolph said the same thing. After those bills are paid, however, I scarcely think there will be any left."

"Never mind those bills. I have already settled them. Surely"—as he saw a deep flush come over her face—"you do not mind being indebted to me for such a trifling amount, and, I hope, for such a short time. Remember, Miss Tresham"—smiling a little sadly—"I am old enough to be your father. I assure you that I have the bills, and you may pay me the full amount as soon as you are able to do so. Wait, however, and don't attempt to pay me until you are able. Give me the pleasure of helping you a little. Now"—hurrying on—"the question is, have you money enough to come and board in Tallahoma while I endeavor to obtain another situation for you? I am sure I can do this in a short time."

"I believe I have a hundred and fifty dollars. The watch had been my aunt's, and was richly jewelled. It should have sold for much more; but I—I was not in a condition to do any thing but take the first sum that was offered me. Nevertheless, this amount is enough to support me for a time, is it not?"

"For a short—" Mr. Warwick began, when the door behind him opened and shut quickly, a silk dress rustled across the floor, and through the dusky gloom Irene Vernon came forward, her eyes shining, her cheeks glowing, and herself looking like some radiant picture that had stepped from its canvas to walk the earth in guise of flesh and blood.

"Mr. Warwick," she began, abruptly, "and you, Miss Tresham, pray pardon me when I tell you that I have overheard a little of your conversation. I was passing along the terrace a moment ago, and, as I stopped by the window, I caught the sound of your voices, and heard a few words—enough to send me in upon you, and make me venture to ask you" (addressing Katharine) "a question. Am I right in gathering from those few words, that you do not intend to return to Mrs. Marks?"

"Yes, Miss Vernon, you are quite right," said Katharine, quickly. "I do not intend to return to Mrs. Marks, for the simple reason that Mrs. Marks does not wish my services any longer."

"And you are talking of going to Tallahoma to—board?"

"Mr. Warwick has advised something of the sort."

"Well, I will give you better advice than Mr. Warwick's, then," said the young beauty, with her most royal tone and look. "You can go back to Tallahoma—in fact, I think it is a good thing to do—but you must go back with me. No—not a word! I positively won't hear a word until I have finished what I have to say. It is very uncivil to interrupt people, is it not, Mr. Warwick?—Well, Miss Tresham, I was about to tell you that I heard to-day from my sister, for whom I have been waiting here, and she cannot join me. My troublesome brother-in-law has managed to break his leg—Flora says she thinks he did it on purpose to keep her at home—and she begs me, instead of going on to Mobile, to come back to Lagrange and wait for her. Now, I will go back on one condition—that you go with me. Flora took a great fancy to you, and so did George, and they will both make you heartily welcome, not to speak of the pleasure of my society. You can get well there at your leisure, and—and—indeed it is just the thing for you.—Mr. Warwick, tell her that she ought to go!"

"Miss Vernon, you are too kind, much too kind," began Katharine, in that tone which inevitably presages a refusal; when Miss Vernon broke in upon her with an utter disregard of her own theory about interruptions:

"You are mistaken, Miss Tresham, I am not at all too kind—no body ever was too kind in this world. If there were such a thing as being too kind, it might not, perhaps, be quite as hard a world to live in as it is. That is social cant; and you know how I hate social

"I see plainly," she went on, "that you are going to say something about 'deeply grieved,' and 'impossible to accept,' and all that sort of thing. I will take it for granted that you have already said it; and I will ask you to give me one reason—a single reason—why it is impossible for you to accept the kindness (saying that it is a kindness) which I have offered you?"

"I have no claim upon such kindness," Katharine said.

"You have the claim of my liking you; what better could there be?"

"I have not even that claim upon your sister."

"Upon my sister! Why she likes you exceedingly; and, even if she did not, she would be glad to see you all the same.—Mr. Warwick, did you ever hear any thing quite as absurd as the idea of her making a bugbear out of Flora, of all the people in the world?" (persuasive), "Tell her, please, that she ought to come!" (imperative), "Tell her that she must come!"

Said Mr. Warwick, looking a little amused: "Miss Tresham, don't you think it would be well to consider Miss Vernon's proposal? It seems to me that it is a very clear way, and a very pleasant way out of all your difficulties—present ones, at least."

"But I really cannot," said Katharine. "Miss Vernon is mistaken if she thinks it is social cant when I say that she is too kind—that her kindness blinds her to the objections against her plan."

"Name them," said Miss Vernon, with business-like brevity.

"I am under very many obligations already," said Katharine. "I cannot consent to increase their number."

"That is nothing more nor less than pride," said Miss Vernon, concisely; "and pride, no doubt you are aware, is the besetting sin of human nature, and the one we are most called upon to struggle against. I was reading in your—what do you call it?—your manual, the other day, and I saw that you were specially told to mortify your will. Now, here is a good opportunity for you to mortify your will by going with me to Lagrange."

Katharine laughed. It was impossible to do otherwise—the girl's manner, half-serious, half-whimsical, made such a strange and complete contrast to the highly-wrought frame of mind which she had dispelled by her entrance. She had brought a fragrance of violets into the room with her, and as she stood in the soft gloaming, with the freight gleaming on her silk dress and a gold locket that hung round her throat, she seemed to have brought an atmosphere of other things besides violets—of sweet thoughts and noble impulses, and generous, kindly deeds.

Katharine was won by her now, as, indeed, she had been from the first; and, when two soft, white hands took hers, and a gentle voice said, "See! I ask it of you as a favor to me. Won't you come?" she remembered how tenderly those hands had nursed her through her desperate illness, and she felt that refusal was no longer possible.

"Yes," she said, "I will come."

And so it was settled. Thus, swayed as it seemed by the merest chance, yet led, who can doubt by the kindest care, she took the road back to Lagrange—that road that was leading slowly but surely to the end.

It was determined that they would leave the next morning. Miss Vernon, on her own (that is, her sister's) account, was anxious to do so; but she good-naturedly proposed to wait several days if Miss Tresham desired. To her surprise, Katharine begged that the journey might not be deferred on her account.

"I am quite well enough to travel," she said; "and, if I could only go away from here to-morrow morning early, I should be so glad—so very glad!"

"But Mr. Annesley," began Miss Vernon, in amazement. Then she paused, her bright-blue eyes turned keenly on her companion's face, and in a moment the truth flashed over her.—"Miss Tresham," she cried, sharply, almost angrily (they were alone in Katharine's room a little while before supper), "you don't mean to say that you have rejected Morton Annesley?"

"Miss Vernon," answered Katharine, with a touch of the besetting sin of human nature, "did you think it likely that I would accept him?"

"Did I think? Of course, I thought you would accept him," returned Miss Vernon. "Why should I not think so? You seemed to like him, and he is certainly every thing that a woman could wish to like. Miss Tresham, you can't have done such a thing!"

"Yes, I have," said Katharine, who was tired of the subject, and could not bear the idea of running another gantlet of remonstrances. "Yes, I have; and, if you only knew my reasons for having done so, I am sure you would not blame me."

"I would blame you!" cried Miss Vernon, indignantly. "I don't believe that, if I knew any or every reason that could possibly have influenced you, I should blame you a single degree less than I do now."

"Don't make rash assertions," said Katharine, smiling faintly. "I cannot go into a detail of all the motives that influenced me; but, putting most of them aside, one is, or ought to be, enough to exonerate me from blame. Miss Vernon, I grant all Mr. Annesley's good qualities so cordially that I think the woman who marries him ought to love him devotedly. Now, I don't love him at all. Would you advise me to return all the generous devotion that is willing to give so much by a cold sort of liking that is not able to give any thing?"

"But is it possible that you really do not love him?"

"It is certainly possible; and—ah, me! I must write to-night and tell him so. The letter can be delivered after we leave, in time to prevent his coming here to-morrow morning."

"You are determined to go, then?"

"The decision rests with you; but I should like to go."

"Of course, then, the matter is settled; we will go.—Heigho!" sighed the young lady to herself, as she left the room. "Poor Morton!—poor, dear fellow! How strangely contrary to what we expect, things turn out sometimes!"

That night Katharine sat down to write her letter to Annesley. Taken at any time, or under any circumstances, it was a hard letter to write; but, with an aching head, and, worse yet, an aching heart, the difficulties of composition were many times increased.

Everybody does the same thing in a case like this. Everybody spoils one sheet of paper after another; makes beginnings with the desperate intention, "This *shall* do!" becomes disgusted at the third line, throws it aside disdainfully, or wrathfully crumples it up, and dashes at another fair page, with the same result. One stilted address follows another; the gamut of endearing, or respectful, or uncivil terms is run from end to end, until at last—if common-sense can manage to get a hearing—the grand conclusion of so many experiments is simple, and generally brief.

Thus it was with Katharine. After getting well on in half a dozen lengthy epistles, she at last thought how foolish and vain all words besides the few strictly necessary ones were, and the result of this thought was the following note:

"DEAR MR. ANNESLEY: Miss Vernon has kindly asked me to accompany her back to Lagrange and spend a few weeks at her sister's house until I am strong enough to find another situation. I shall leave with her to-morrow morning. This arrangement, made since I saw you, renders it necessary that I should write and tell you how deeply I feel your kindness, and how impossible it is for me to accept all you have offered me. I will not pain you—as I know I should do—by speaking of the great disparity in our social positions, and of other greater obstacles, which under any circumstances would stand between us. It is enough for me to say that the woman whom you honor with your heart should love you as you deserve to be loved—as some woman far more worthy of you than I am will yet love you—and that this love it is not in my power to give you. Forgive me, Mr. Annesley, if this sounds ungracious—sounds as if I had forgotten all the many kindnesses which are, in truth, written on my heart. I must speak frankly, and make myself clearly understood, for your sake, as well as for my own. Every feeling, except the one feeling which alone you would be willing to accept, I have for you. Each one of them makes me your warm and life-long friend; but all of them put together are not strong enough to make me your wife. God bless you, Mr. Annesley! God make you happy! God reward you for all your generous kindness! It is hard to close this letter here, and yet there is nothing more to say, unless I ask you again to forgive me.

"Faithfully, your friend,

"KATHARINE TRESHAM.

"BELLEFONT, Thursday night."

It was done. For the second time that day Katharine deliberately put aside the love and the protection which two different men, each

well worthy of trust, had offered her, and with the blind, heedless, yet sometimes divine impulse of youth, turned from the golden gifts of life, those gifts for which some wretched women are willing to sell themselves into legal bondage, and went her way alone. It had been a struggle, a hard struggle, in both cases; it was a struggle, even after this letter was written, to seal it and lay it aside, saying: "Lie there, happy days, full to the brim of love and content, and soft belongings, and tender care, and glittering pleasure! Lie there, sweet dreams of what might be, of affection ripening into love, and trust growing in sweetness and strength with every passing year! Lie there, words, and looks, and tones, that will never see the light; days possible, yet forever unborn; emotions never to be felt, and the whole current of a life never to be lived!" It was hard to hold out the arms, saying: "Come, weary days filled with toil, uncheered by any smile from kindred lips, or glance from loving eyes! Come, days that lead among the rough by-ways of the world, and loss the living, yearning human heart from one strange household to another, that teach in every hour of your flight how some paths are strewn with roses only that others may be filled with thorns! Come, days within whose very bitter lurks a sweet that only those who meet you willingly can ever taste—a sweet like that grand victory which noble deeds wring from defeat, which come when the spirit has dropped its arms after long conflict, and the divine secret of content begins to steal upon the soul, the first knowledge of good and evil, the first startled, humbled thanks to God that He guided the blind eyes and the faltering hand, and gave at last the leaden casket with the precious jewel shined within!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A DAY OF MYSTERY.

EVa and I were on our way to Blankton to see Aunt Penelope. From childhood we had paid an annual visit to the old farmhouse, and every station, bridge, and village, on the Crossland Railroad was as familiar to our eyes as the pattern of our hall-paper; we could have made a dissected map of the whole route and put it together blindfold. As we stepped out of the stage which had brought us from Plum Corners to Endicott in the early morning, and saw the well-known track glittering in the sunshine, and stretching onward in a straight line between the monotonous cornfields, a weary impatience rose in our minds, and we sighed in anticipation of the dull day before us. Endicott Station was a mile from Endicott Village, and, therefore, the little station-house was unoccupied save by old Abner Green with his good-natured wife, and a telegraph-operator asleep in his den. Owing to a change in the time-table, we found that we should be obliged to wait forty minutes, and, entering the ladies' room, we languidly inspected the familiar furniture—viz., one stove, four spittoons, two wooden settees, and an empty water-pitcher. On the north side of the station-house a branch road came up from the Black Hills and connected with the Crossland Road. We had often noticed this track winding off down the Rocky-River Valley, but knew nothing of its route save that it joined the Grand Central at some point near Northfield. Seeing a time-table hanging on the wall, Eva began studying it to pass away the weary hour. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Janet, a train for Northfield will leave in twenty minutes; let us take it and explore the valley. Aunt Penelope does not expect us at any particular time; we can sleep at Northfield, return here early tomorrow morning, and reach Blankton before sunset."

In the bottom of my heart I was pleased with this proposition, but, as I did not originate it, I thought it best to make some objection.

"Why should we go to Northfield?" I asked.

"In search of adventures," replied Eva; "something will repay us. I feel the certainty burning like an inspiration within me. Do not put on such a doubtful face, but for once let us do as we please, and follow our own free will."

"A girl's will is the wind's will, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," I replied.

Leaving our trunks in old Abner's care, we stepped on board the one passenger-car, and soon were gliding along the banks of Rocky River in company with homeward-bound farmers and a sprinkling of gayly-dressed maidens with their awkward swains.

After following the shimmering stream for an hour, we came into the confines of the Black Hills; the farm-houses grew rare, the hillsides closed around us, and, leaving the river, we rolled through a deep glen, and shot out by the side of a beautiful lake veiled in the soft mist of Indian-summer.

At the solitary little station-house on the shore the train paused, and our locomotive went puffing off to the right after some cars loaded with gravel. Hearing that this erratic excursion would take fifteen or twenty minutes, Eva and I strolled down to the beach, and, finding a boat tied to an old willow, we clambered in and rocked our floating cradle in high glee. Gazing down into the water, we saw long grasses waving to and fro, and tiny fish gliding through mossy mazes in merry little shoals; over the stones a fresh-water crab moved awkwardly along, and in a secluded pool two small red lizards lay motionless, apparently enjoying a *siesta*. On the right an army of reeds advanced boldly into the water, and, guarded by these faithful servitors, a fleet of water-lilies rode safely at anchor in a miniature bay, with their white sails and golden pennons gleaming in the sunshine. On the left, under a rude wharf of logs, we discovered a skiff, painted in blue and white, with "Lorelai" inscribed on the bow.

Before us the lake stretched away toward the north, surrounded by high, wooded hills; here and there an opening through a glen showed pleasant intervals beyond, with one or two red farm-houses standing in the brown fields, and up at the head of the lake, six or eight miles away, a bold peak towered into the air, and the white spires of a village gleamed at its foot.

The maples on the hill-side glowed in scarlet and gold, and the blue lake mirrored their gorgeous ranks with such faithful precision that the clear depths seemed a fairy-land, where water-sprites and mermaids roved through the submarine forests, and plucked the painted leaves to deck their golden hair.

Over the hills and in the air lay the purple haze of Indian-summer, the dream-time of the year, when Nature, half-asleep and half-awake, lies motionless under the spell, all unmindful of approaching winter. As we gazed out over the enchanted land, our senses charmed into the universal trance, and steeped in languid pleasure, the whistle of the returning locomotive broke rudely upon our ears and disturbed our day-dream.

We glanced at each other in silence; the same thought filled our minds; sinking back into our places we heard the noise of the moving train, the whistle and bell, the clatter and rumble, growing fainter and fainter, until it died away in the distance, and left us alone on the shore.

Then the voices of the lake awoke, and seemed to call us; little waves broke on the beach, and murmured of the northern strand; a fitful breeze fanned our faces, and brought perfumes from the distant mountain; a bay upon the eastern shore tempted us with its half-concealed beauties, and a long point on the west gave glimpses of richer tints spread over a crowd of low bushes on the bank beyond.

Seeking out the old station-house keeper mending his nets in the sun, we bargained with him for the Lorelai. Paying in advance more than his price, and finding out the time when the evening train was expected, we hurried away lest any prosaic remark should break the charm and remove the veil of mystery that lay over the unknown lake, filling our minds with visions of strange delights awaiting us along its magic shores.

The Lorelai proved worthy of her name, skimming the water lightly under the impulse of our oars, for Eva and I were accomplished oarsmen, and rowed with a long sweep and light, feathery stroke, very different from the short, deep jerks of most young lady-mariners. First we sought out the water-lilies, and decked our hats with their white-and-golden blossoms; then, steering out into the broad expanse, we rowed slowly up the lake until a point concealed the station-house and severed our connection with reality; we felt ourselves adrift on an unknown sea in a fairy bark, like those romantic tales of our childhood, so fascinating because so vague.

It was high noon. The blazing light of the sun was veiled and diffused by the soft mist which lay over the earth, so that the atmosphere seemed filled with a golden cloud, and we breathed rich breaths which spread over our whole being a dreamy pleasure, soft and indolent as the scene. A purple haze rested on the northern mountain, and tipped the hill-tops with a vague remoteness like the confines of cloud-land; the clear water, oily in its noonday stillness, broke in



noiseless curves on either side of our skiff, and, uniting behind us, fell asleep again without a ripple to mark our wake. Letting the oars lie idle, we drifted along, neither knowing nor caring for any thing save the mere enjoyment of existence, steeped in golden warmth, the brain asleep, the heart pulsing slowly, the whole being in a trance of tranquil, drowsy ease.

Thus we floated for an hour or more, until the skiff grounded on the western shore. Waking to life again, we found ourselves stranded on a point jutting out from a little meadow at the foot of a thickly-wooded hill. No trace of a road was visible, but close to the water's edge stood a low cottage overrun with creepers; a boat was drawn up on the beach, and nets and fishing-tackle lay around, but no sign of life animated the spot, although the window was open, showing a half-closed door, through which some sheet-music on a table could be discerned and the upper end of a guitar. The silent house, the secluded meadow, and the guitar, aroused our interest.

"It is a lovely retreat," mused Eva; "the strand with the water washing both sides, the vine-covered cottage, and the boat, are like the description of Undine's home with her foster-parents. No doubt this is a hermitage where some weary soul has sought refuge from the noise and crime of a great city; every thing around it shows taste and refinement, and, if we had happened to pass at sunset, perhaps we should have caught a glimpse of the lonely proprietor solacing himself with his guitar in the little porch."

Retracing our steps, we reluctantly entered the skiff and rowed slowly away from the point, looking back at the cottage with its open window until the overhanging trees hid it from our sight.

Following the curves of the beach, we rowed some distance northward, and, rounding a cape into a little bay fringed with yellow willows and scarlet sumachs, discovered a stream coming down a glen, the trees meeting overhead and dropping their colored leaves one by one into the clear water below. The banks were covered with moss, and, as we pushed our way through the reeds at the mouth, two wild-ducks flew up and away, and a solemn heron flapped his broad wings and sailed slowly up the river.

Rowing under the gay canopy of leaves, we explored the mossy stream far up the glen, watching the gray squirrels frisk up the trees, and the striped chipmunks racing along the ground, disturbed in their nut-harvesting by our sudden intrusion. Coming upon a little spring, we landed and spread our lunch on a flat stone, the carefully-prepared sandwiches, cakes, and fruits, with which we had hoped to relieve the monotony of our journey on the Crossland Railroad.

We lingered over our rustic table, scattering crumbs for the squirrels, and offering a libation of grape-juice to the Naiad of the spring; we wove wreaths of scarlet leaves, and twined the stone, the willow, and our boat, with the gay decorations, and, taking off our shoes and stockings, let the sun-tempered water ripple over our feet.

Embarking again, we pushed on up the stream, and discovered an open glade in a little valley between two hills, where the river broadened so widely as to ground our skiff on the sand.

Stepping on shore, we found ourselves in a meadow with an old wagon-track leading across it; in the centre were the ruins of a log-house, and the decayed, moss-covered beams told a tale of venerable age which filled us with respect and curiosity. As we strolled around the place our feet slipped among the holes and hollows hidden in the long grass, so that more than once we fell prostrate.

"It must have been a ploughed field," said Eva. "I wonder why it was left to decay and solitude?"

Suddenly we came upon a grave, sunken and covered with reeds, but still undoubtedly a grave. Startled and awe-struck, we knelt down and tried to decipher the letters on the low foot-stone; head-stone there was none, and, after some labor, we made out the letters "He—," but the remainder of the name was so defaced as to resist all our efforts. We pulled up the weeds that grew on the mound, and, sitting beside it, talked of the solitary occupant, and mused over the chances of life, so various and so sad. What once blithe heart, what once fair face, now rested under this mound? Was it some disappointed man who had withdrawn to these solitudes to live and die alone, or was it a lovely young wife whose early death had made the pioneer home so desolate to the bereaved husband that he had deserted it forever, and gone forward toward the setting sun.

"He—!" It might be Herbert or Henry, or, if our second surmise was correct, it might be Helen.

"Poor, lonely grave!" I said, as we finally turned away. "No one knows who lies under your sod; your name and history are gone from earth forever."

Subdued and silent, we pushed off our boat and floated down the mossy river, turning for a last look at the sunken stone as the bright trees closed over our heads again, and shut out the deserted field with its venerable loneliness.

Reaching the bay, we left the mossy river behind, and rowed out into the open lake. It was three o'clock, and the shadows already lay on the western hills; a breeze had sprung up, and the blue water was feathered with miniature white caps. The opposite shore, with its sunny bays and glowing capes, invited us to new discoveries, and, bending to our oars, we glided swiftly across the lake, at this point nearly a mile in width from shore to shore.

As we approached the beach, heated with our vigorous exercise, the low gurgle of a brook greeted our ears, and, fastening our boat to an overhanging bough, we knelt down to drink from the tiny stream. But the water had been warmed by the sun, and, entering the glen, we followed its course over the stones and through the tangled underbrush, hoping to find the fountain-head bubbling under some mossy rock and to quench our thirst in its cool waters.

One solitary flower we found, a pale, autumn blossom, but the bushes were glowing in vivid tints; crimson vines clambered up the tree-trunks, and the flickering light came through the painted foliage above in soft, warm hues on the fallen leaves below.

On we journeyed, and the brook grew wild and narrow; a little water-fall barred our progress, but, unmindful of its spray, we clambered over the slippery rocks, and came suddenly upon the spring, with half a dozen bottles of champagne up to their necks in its cold basin!

"This is Wonderland!" I exclaimed. "Bacchus and Pan must be having a picnic with the Dryades. If we listen, perhaps we shall hear their voices."

Moving away from the sound of the water-fall, we stood silently waiting, and soon a heavenly melody rose in the air, now soaring to a wondrous altitude and now falling in exquisite cadence, while a wind-instrument joined in and echoed the strain in penetrating chords. Then many voices took up the air, and, repeating it in spirited chorus, made the forest ring with a harmony so perfect that we stood entranced, nor spoke until all was still again.

"Seraphic!" murmured Eva, as we drew a long breath of delight. "Who and what can it be? Of course, such voices must have bodies to hold them."

"No, we have happened upon Olympus," I answered; "we shall soon see Jove, and all his court, sitting under the trees."

"Do the gods drink champagne?" asked Eva.

"It was nectar," I replied, decidedly.

"Clicquot; I saw the mark," was Eva's answer; "and I doubt whether nectar compared with it."

Advancing cautiously through the forest, we came out upon a high rock, and, standing on its edge, concealed in the bushes, gazed down upon as wild a scene of sylvan revelry as ever the mythical ages produced. Thirty or forty persons, men and women, were gathered together around a rustic table; two or three gayly-tinted hammocks swung in the shade, and musical instruments of various kinds lay scattered around. The feast was delicate and costly; choice game, rare fruits, dainty cakes, and ices, were spread out on the white cloth in glass dishes of fantastic shapes, ornamented with wreaths of autumn leaves; while the various wines—red, yellow, and purple—filled the air with their rich bouquet, and added to the charm of the scene. Conspicuous on a high knoll sat the queen regnant, a beautiful woman of about thirty summers, a vivid Southern blonde of rich, deep tints, as far removed from the cold, colorless blonde of the North as a damask rose from its carved marble fac-simile. Hers was a beauty of color—not that the features were irregular, or the expression inanimate, for in these points there was no fault to find; but every thing else was overshadowed by the marvellous tints, the deep, fathomless blue of her eyes, the blush-rose hue of her skin, and the shining brilliancy of her hair, like waves of spun gold. A simple white robe floated around her, and no ornament sullied her peerless beauty; her head and perfect hands were uncovered, and the slender feet on a velvet cushion were cased in satin slippers, quaintly embroidered with gold in arabesque designs.

In a circle around the table were gathered the rest of the com-

pany—swarthy, vivacious men, and lovely, dark-eyed women, fantastically dressed in rich foreign dresses, and looking like old pictures taken down from their frames to frolic on earth for a while. All this strange assemblage spoke in a foreign tongue, as far as we could judge from the sounds that fell upon our ears; they emphasized their words with rapid gestures and kindling glances, now springing up as if in violent anger, and now sighing and making silent love with their languishing black eyes. At intervals, they trifled with the delicious fruits, but eagerly drank the sparkling wines, glass after glass, laughing merrily, and crowning each other with the autumn wreaths.

While we gazed, fascinated with the scene, the queen took up a guitar, and, striking a few chords, began to sing in the same bewitching voice that we had heard at the spring, so full of velvet softness and thrilling power that it seemed to touch our very heartstrings and vibrate there. Spellbound, we listened, with the tears slowly welling up into our eyes, when, suddenly changing into a wild melody, she waved her handkerchief, and the whole band joined hands and began a fantastic dance, at the same time taking up the chorus and making the woods resound with the exciting strain.

"She is a siren," said Eva, in a whisper; "I am almost afraid of those unearthly blue eyes."

The dance over, the singers scattered through the forest; and, gathering branches of colored leaves and long wreaths of vine, they marched back in graceful order, and threw them at the siren's feet, so that she sat upon a glowing throne. The lady smiled, and, decking herself with the vines, she filled her lap with clustered fruit from the glass dishes before her. Seizing a bunch of grapes, she waved it over her head, and burst forth into a strain of riotous, revelling melody, while all her court resumed the dance and joined in the ringing chorus. Soon we heard the sound of instruments mingling with the voices; a number of the men had formed themselves into an orchestra, and the harmony of the thrilling strings, united with the clear power of the resounding brass, filled the air with music, and, sounding out over the lake, woke up the "echoes flying" back and forth among the hills, "dying, dying, dying."

It was half-past four, and still we lingered on the rock, scarcely daring to whisper our wonder and admiration. The music kept on, and the revellers laughed, danced, and sung, like so many fauns and nymphs; while the siren reclined on her leafy throne, and smiled upon her band. Suddenly Eva pulled my arm violently, and pointed to a dark, fierce-looking man, ascending the hill toward our hiding-place.

It seemed as though his eyes were fixed directly upon us, in spite of the thick bushes; and, filled with vague alarm at the thought of being brought before that fantastic company, we fled back down the glen, jumping from stone to stone, swinging from one branch to another, and reaching the beach at last, breathless and pale, our hearts throbbing so violently that we could not speak.

Pushing off the boat, we rowed rapidly down the lake, steering out into the centre, and putting a mile of blue water between us and the shore before we stopped to rest. No pursuer appeared on the beach, and probably our hiding-place had not been discovered, after all. It was the wine cooling in the spring rather than the young ladies standing on the rock that attracted the dark-eyed bandit. Nevertheless, there was something so weird and uncanny in the siren and her band that we were glad to escape from her presence before her spells had enthralled us, body and soul.

The sun was sinking below the hills, and with the shadows came the cool breath of autumn, whispering of winter, and warning us that the balmy air, the purple mists, the hazy sunshine, and the glowing leaves, would soon be but a dream of the past, forgotten amid the cold rain and drifting snow.

We had still some miles to row before reaching the station-house, and the evening train was due at half-past six; so, bending to our oars again, we shot down the lake, and came suddenly high and dry upon a reef, rising perpendicularly in the water like a submerged mountain. Fortunately, its surface was thickly covered with sand, so that our boat sustained no injury; and, cautiously pushing off, we rowed around the shoal, finding the southern side a gradual slope, with reeds waving above the water. Holding by their strong stems, we looked back up the lake. The red evening light filled the west, and from all the glens and interalles the fogs filed down and marched out upon the water. Here and there the breeze lifted the veil, and,

like pictures in a kaleidoscope, bits of the colored hill-side gleamed in the distance; but the northern mountain, which we had named Sentinel Peak, was completely hidden from our sight, and, even as we looked, the night seemed falling over the valley, and, leaving our anchorage, we floated away.

As the water deepened on the shoal, Eva, who had been leaning over the side, watching the sandy floor, suddenly plunged her arm in the tide, and brought up a glittering circlet. It was a ring, a man's signet-ring, of Oriental amethyst, with a coat-of-arms in intaglio. Eagerly we examined the treasure-trove, holding it up to the fading light, and endeavoring to make out the heraldic design; but, having only a limited knowledge of the subject, we were obliged to await our return home, and a consultation with the proper authorities.

"It is certainly gigantic," said Eva, after vainly trying to secure it upon one of her fingers. "The knights of olden times were, no doubt, powerfully built, and able to put to flight ten of our modern youths."

"For my part," I replied, "I think it was dropped in the lake as long ago as the Revolution. We know that the British army passed through this region, and, no doubt, the ring dropped from the finger of some young scion of English aristocracy, as his regiment crossed the water in *bateaux*. How strange that we should discover the gem after so many years!"

Rowing on again, much excited with our adventure, the darkness overtook us, and the fog loomed around the boat like cloudy ranks of spectres.

Passing the mouth of a stream not far from the station-house, a strange phenomenon startled us. Resting on our oars, we gazed at the sight, which seemed to be a flame suspended in the air, darting hither and thither over the water, while every now and then a glitter, as of shining steel, was visible beneath. The fiery torch flared up in the darkness, and sparks and cinders fell into the water, lighting up the dim banks and dusky, overhanging trees; but no boat was visible, and no human form, although the flame moved backward and forward as if possessed with life and volition. Suddenly it seemed to approach us; we rowed away with all our strength, and, when we looked back, it had disappeared. No light could be seen; but over the water echoed a most unearthly laugh.

"This is certainly a haunted lake," said Eva; and, exerting all our skill, we soon reached the little wharf, seeing with secret relief the commonplace face of the old fisherman by his prosaic lamp in his unromantic office.

We were just in time, for in another minute we heard the whistle of the approaching train, and soon, safe in the lighted car, were discussing the adventures of the day. As we approached Endicott, I said, impressively:

"Eva Kempton, never say that the days of romantic adventure are over. Look back and recall the wonders, the mysteries, and the charms we have discovered in the past seven hours—the lake, the Undine strand with its hermitage, Mossy River and the lonely grave, the wondrous siren and her musical court, the reef and its signet-ring, the fiery phantom hovering over the water, and our skiff with its legendary name. What enigmas! what strange and unaccountable scenes! Truly, this has been a day of mystery."

## POSTSCRIPTUM.

### EVA'S NARRATIVE.

Several weeks after the occurrences narrated above, I went to visit a cousin at Harcourt. Her brother, a Learnington collegian, was spending his vacation at home, and added much to the pleasure of my visit. One morning, on the veranda, we had been discussing the romance and reality of modern life. Harry, with the dogmatism of his class, maintained that prosaic reality was all that was left for us, and that the increase of knowledge had banished romance, which was only another name for ignorance, from the world forever. But I, clinging to my well-loved legends, proclaimed him a rude utilitarian, a living Gradgrind; and, remembering my strange adventures on the unknown lake, I related them, much as they are given above. I will not repeat the story, but merely give the heads, with his comments as I proceeded:

### THE LAKE AND THE LORELAI.

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north. We often go over there fishing from Learnington—only ten miles, you know. That boat used to belong to Jim Caruthers; he's a sentimental chap, and named it Lorelai, after some German song. You must know him, by-the-way, for he often goes to Plum Corners—a fat, red-faced fellow; stammers a little."

#### THE UNDINE STRAND AND HERMITAGE.

"Black Dick's shanty! He's a queer character, fishes a little, fiddles a little, and drinks a great deal; he fiddles and plays the banjo for picnic parties over at Scooty's Tavern, on the road to Mugtown, just back of the point. I would not advise you, Miss Kempton, to go gazing into the windows of all the shanties you see, and fancying they are hermitages inhabited by remorseful hermits, who play the guitar to assuage their feelings."

#### MOSSY RIVER AND ITS LONELY GRAVE.

"One-leg Creek! so called from an old fisherman with one leg, who used to live there. There used to be a log meeting-house some distance up-stream, the original church of the first settlers, with the graveyard attached." You must have seen the wagon-track, the old road. It leads back to Scooty's Tavern and the Mugtown turnpike. When the farmers decided to build a new meeting-house at Mugtown, they removed the remains of their relatives to the new cemetery, all but that one grave. Peter Stebbins, a farmer near by, refused to pay the expenses of removal, and, as the grave was that of his great-aunt, no one else felt called upon to attend to it. There used to be a headstone, a perfect curiosity; I remember the inscription—"Hepsy York, aged fifty-two. She had her faults (excess of liquor and swearing); but she was kind to the poor (giving them freely of a certain balsam, called George Washington cureall), and died, June 2, 1820 (of liver-complaint), suddenly." Strange you did not know it was a graveyard. Didn't you notice the holes and hollows?"

#### THE SIREN AND HER COURT.

"You do not mean to say that you saw her! Actually saw Amativa and her troupe? Then she was there, after all! We heard that she came over from Belle Springs across the hills, and spent a day on the pond; but we did not believe it. To think that you two girls actually stood there an hour and heard her sing, when any of us fellows would have given hundreds of dollars for the chance! I never heard her but once, and that was in 'Robert le Diable.' How did she look? What did she sing?"

After answering these and many other questions of the excited youth, he at length allowed me to proceed to

#### THE REEF AND ITS SIGN-RING.

"So you found it, did you? Well, I am glad. It belongs to old Griddles; he lost it the last time he went fishing over there. It seems his mother was named Campbell, and so he stole the Scotch coat-of-arms, and had the stone cut to match it. He's a good fellow, but dreadfully awkward; a great, splay-footed, loose-jointed creature, with spectacles—studying for the ministry, you know—wears prunella gaiters."

#### THE FIERY PHANTOM.

A peal of laughter checked my description in the middle.

"This is too good!" shouted Harry. "This is a fit termination for your day of mystery. The nineteenth century has not lost its romance, indeed, when two young ladies meet a fiery phantom on Long Pond!" And again a roar of laughter greeted my ears.

"But what was it, then, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Two darkeys on a log, spearing for eels!"

CONSTANCE F. WOOLSON.

## TWO WEEKS IN THE WILDERNESS.

OUR party, three in number, started from New York in the third week of May, went to Albany by boat, and from there by rail to Utica, and from Utica proceeded via Black-River Railroad to Lowville, whence we proposed to enter the Adirondack wilderness. At the principal inn our arrival, and that of another fishing-party, produced a great commotion. Guides and travellers came pouring in to offer their services, the news of our presence and the object of our visit having apparently travelled from house to house, and street to street, as the Fiery Cross sped onward among the Highland clans. Having engaged our guides with their three boats, and the necessary cooking and eat-

ing utensils, and arranged with a person, who exercised the seemingly incompatible callings of a druggist and keeper of a livery-stable, to send us forward to Fenton's next day, we visited a grocer's, and laid in our supplies, which consisted of tea, coffee, flour, sugar, potatoes, pork, pepper, salt, baking-powder, candles, matches, crackers, condensed milk, and three bottles of oil of tar, with which to saturate our hands, faces, and necks, in case we should be overtaken by black flies, those terrible little pests of the woods—where, after a certain time, as Tennyson said of the world, "each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies."

It was a glorious morning as we drove out of Lowville on our way to the wilderness, leaving our guides to follow in another conveyance. Before reaching Fenton's, where we dined on trout—and such trout, deliciously cooked in cream!—we decided to be driven to the still water on Beaver River, in lieu of walking there, as originally intended. Sleeping there that night, we took our seats next day in the boats, and at once began trolling for trout, our guides rowing slowly up the river, occasionally halting for half an hour where a favorable spot for throwing a fly presented itself. When we pulled up our boats that night on the banks of the Beaver River, near Burnt Lake, where we camped, they contained more trout than six able-bodied and exceedingly hungry men could eat for that night's supper and the next morning's breakfast.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, I will introduce the readers of *APPLETONS' JOURNAL* to our camp. It consists of a low shanty made of spruce-bark, entirely open in front; while the fringes, cut from the branches of a hemlock tree, and spread on the ground, covered by our simple three-sided edifice, make a soft and comfortable couch for us and our guides. In front of the shanty burns a huge fire, for which a maple-tree was cut down and hewn into logs of a suitable size. Two crotched poles, driven in the ground, with a cross-stick, form a "coign of vantage" from which the pots are suspended. Seated around the mess-chest, which occupies a place in the centre of the shanty, we enjoy our supper of trout, potatoes, and flapjacks, as only hungry hunters can enjoy eating. Our supper finished, the guides occupy themselves for half an hour in the same pleasant manner, after which the smokers betake themselves to pipes or cigars, and all take part in a general conversation, which is confined, for the most part, to the subject of fish and fishing. By nine o'clock all is quiet in our camp, with the exception of the singing of the tree-toads, the occasional cry of an owl or loon, or the distant howl of a hungry wolf.

By seven o'clock next day we were under way, with our flies floating behind us as we moved up the river, making, as on the previous day, occasional halts at a pool. From one of these the writer took a dozen fine trout in less than an hour. Several deer presented themselves to our vision, and a she-bear and two cubs showed very evident signs of astonishment at beholding us, and lost no time in disappearing through the willow and elder-bushes that lined the bank of the river. Tracks of deer and various wild animals were constantly visible on the muddy banks of the stream, and it was a source of constant surprise to the writer to observe how accurately his guide would name the animal whose footprints were left behind, as well as the length of time that had passed since the wolf, bear, fisher, muskrat, or deer, had left its tracks. I may here remark that my guide was a hunter, and the son of a hunter; "born and raised in the woods," to quote his own words, and had never set foot in a city. He had the noiseless step of an Indian, and was a man of marvellously few words, for your true hunter talks little—the habit of his skill is silence. Sometimes half a minute would elapse before a reply would come; and, indeed, for the first day or two, I constantly made the mistake of supposing that Mark (for that was his name) did not hear me when I spoke to him, till at length I learned that his life in the woods, where he was often alone for weeks, had engendered that inertia and torpidity of mind which prevented him from making an immediate answer. When we reached the Little Rapids, where we were to camp for the night, our baskets contained seventy handsome trout. Here we fell in with a fishing-party returning, with whom we made an exchange of magazines and papers of late date for some of their surplus candles, our supply having given out. The elder of the party described one of his companions, a tall, slab-sided, hungry-looking specimen, as a "man who eats more trout than he catches," and added that it was his opinion that the youth would prove an unprofitable boarder to any one who should undertake to feed him.

Next morning we were wading in the rapids with our rods, while the guides were carrying the boats' baggage and *fiambreras*—to use



that grand old Castilian word—for edibles, around the fierce rapids to the smooth water above, a distance, by the winding path through the woods, of about a mile. Resuming our seats in the boats, after catching several noble trout, we passed into and through Albany Lake. As we crossed the lake, we met a party from Watertown; and, at the moment one of our boats passed them, its inmate caught a trout of over a pound weight, when a Watertown man exclaimed, "God, he's a fisherman!" they having been at work with bait for nearly an hour without success. About six o'clock we reached Smith Lake without any noteworthy incident beyond the accidental hooking by the tail with a fly, while trolling on our way up Beaver River, of a large trout. The lucky fisherman was quite jubilant and boastful over having caught the heaviest fish; until, unfortunately for him, his guide divulged the manner of the "catch."

Smith Lake is a lonely but lovely inland sea, surrounded on all sides by "forests primeval," and nestled in the bosom of a group of lofty hills and picturesque mountains. Scarcely so large as Tupper Lake, it is quite its equal in beauty; and, like it, is studded with islands. No signs of civilization are anywhere visible; no woodman's axe has been there to make or mar, and no human being, not even a vagabond trapper, has a habitation within a day's journey of the magnificent lake. An Englishman lived there for a number of years, leading a solitary life, with no companions but his dogs. No one knew anything of his history, whence he came, "to whom related, or by whom begot;" and, one winter, many years ago, when the deer-hunters visited the lake, they found his cabin vacant. From that day to this the mysterious Englishman known as Smith has never been seen or heard of; and, from that day to this, the noble lake has been known as Smith's. Salmon and speckled trout are abundant, and, in the surrounding forest-covered hills, and mountains, and valleys, are to be found game of all kinds except the moose and panther, which are now rarely, and, indeed, I may say, never met with in this district, several years having elapsed since a panther or moose has been killed there. From a high point called Smith's Cliff we obtained a noble prospect of the distant Adirondacks and other ranges, and our guide pointed out the direction of Tupper Lake, Moose Lake, and many others, as well as Beach's Lake, where Dr. Brandreth has a summer shooting-box.

After spending several days at Smith Lake, where owls and loons "most do congregate," and are much given to hooting and howling at night, we moved forward to Charley's Pond, reached by a two-mile "carry," and from there by way of Smith's Inlet into Little Tupper. After a delightful sail over the lake, fishing by the way, we entered Round Lake, where we camped for the night. Seated before our blazing campfire, we had our usual after-supper entertainment of stories from our guides, who were not so much guides as they were professional hunters. Said the elder of the three (I cannot quote his backwoods phraseology): "Eight years ago I was out deer-hunting in the winter with two other men. At Charley's Pond, which was frozen over, Charley Brown said he was going across after a deer. We told him it was unsafe, but he would go, although the ice was thin and rotten, and, when about twenty yards from shore, he fell through. Both being heavier men, we were afraid to venture on the ice to aid him, but we threw him a pole, which he got hold of, and, driving it into the muddy bottom of the lake, there about ten feet deep, climbed up on the ice, which again gave way under his weight. This he did several times, until, benumbed with cold, and unable to draw himself up, or even to hold on longer, he caught hold of the pole with his teeth. When I got back from our camp with a rope, and threw it out to him, he was too far gone to take hold of it, so I determined to save him at all hazard. I crawled out, lying flat on my face, and moving as cautiously as possible. Not a word was said as I slowly moved forward, nearer, nearer, till at last I laid my hand in his. It was as cold as the ice on which I lay. Poor Charley was frozen to death! Fastening the rope around him under the armpits, I cautiously and successfully made my way back, and we pulled him ashore with his teeth still fastened on the pole. We had a sad time getting poor Charley back to the still water," was the conclusion of the guide's short story of Charley's Pond.

The next day we pushed on and pitched our camp at the foot of the Round-Lake Falls, where we found superb fishing, gamey, and of good size, several trout finding their way into our baskets on the first day which weighed over two pounds.

"Reader, did you ever land a trout? I do not ask if you ever jerked some poor little fellow out of a brook three feet across, with a pole

six inches around at the butt, and so heavy as to require both hands and feet well braced to hold it out. No, that is not landing a trout. But did you ever sit in a boat, with nine ounces of lance-wood for a rod, and two hundred feet of braided silk in your double-acting reel, and hook a trout whose strain brought tip and butt together as you checked him in some wild flight, and tested your quivering line from gut to reel-knot? No one knows what game there is in a trout unless he has fought it out, matching such a rod against a three-pound fish with forty feet of water underneath, and a clear, unimpeded sweep around him. Ah! then it is that one discovers what will and energy lie within the mottled skin of a trout, and what a miracle of velocity he is when aroused. I love the rifle, and I have looked along the sights and held the leaping blood back by an effort of the will, steadying myself for the shot, when my veins fairly tingled with the exhilarating excitement of the moment; but, if one should ask me what is my conception of pure physical happiness, I should assure him that the highest bodily beatitude I ever expect to reach is, on some future day, when the clear sun is occasionally veiled by clouds, to sit in a boat once more upon that little lake, with John at the paddle, and match again a Conroy rod against a three-pound trout. That is what I call *happiness*!" says Murray, and that is what the writer calls happiness, even if the trout does not happen to weigh quite three pounds.

It has only once been within the writer's experience to meet with as fine fishing as we enjoyed during our four-days' sojourn at the foot of Round-Lake Rapids, although our largest trout weighed but a few ounces over two pounds. Indeed, I am of the opinion that three and four pounders, although they doubtless do exist, are only a little less scarce in the Adirondacks than are the moose and panther at the present time.

Our story-telling guide having considerably taxed our credulity with accounts of the monsters weighing over four pounds which he had caught, one of the company amused us with the following: Sheridan—Richard Brinsley Sheridan—could never allow himself to be outdone by a verbal prodigy. Whenever a monstrous story was told in his presence, he would endeavor to outdo it by one of his own coinage, and consign the narrator to confusion by a falsehood more glaring than his own. Once in his hearing a follower of Izaak Walton related this story: "I was fishing one day, say in a certain cold spring full of delicious trout, and soon caught a large mess. But, what was really surprising, not a foot from the cold spring there was one of boiling water; so that, when you wanted to cook your fish, all you had to do, after hooking them from the cold spring, was to pass them directly into the boiling!" All expressed astonishment and incredulity at this monstrous assertion, with the exception of Sheridan. "I know," said he, "of a phenomenon yet more surprising. I was fishing one day when I came to a place where there were three springs. The first was a cold one, well stocked with beautiful trout; the second, a boiling spring; and the third, a natural fountain of melted butter and parsley!" "Melted butter and parsley!" exclaimed the first story-teller. "Impossible!"

During our encampment at the foot of the Round-Lake Falls an angler from Albany, accompanied by an Indian guide, arrived en route to Lowville. He brought us intelligence of the breaking away of the reservoir on Racquette River. It held back the largest body of water of any reservoir or dam in the country, extending over a surface of more than fifty thousand acres, and raising the water about ten feet. When the dam gave way the rush of water was terrific, sweeping away in its resistless force forest-trees, rocks, and huge masses of earth. Gentlemen addicted to piscatorial pursuits in Adirondack waters have mourned over the construction of the reservoir, as the high water it caused would have spoiled the fishing for several seasons. Its destruction was hailed with joy, as the streams would soon assume their usual level, restoring the old haunts, in their primal condition, to seekers after speckled trout.

Some of our supplies running low, we sent off a guide to Tupper Lake with orders to buy, among other articles, a hundred pounds of ice. During his absence one of the other guides discovered, within twenty yards of our camp, an opening in the side of a huge forest-tree filled just below the level of the ground with ice. It was, in short, a perfect little ice-house, not made with hands, and served us excellently as a refrigerator, as well as supplying us with all the ice we desired. That night, when we returned from our afternoon's sport, we found the result of the guide's journey in a table garnished with unusual luxuries—trout cooked with butter, slap-

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jacks with maple sugar, boiled eggs and fresh bread, and coffee with genuine fresh milk. Sydney Smith used to say that the last thing he should think of before he died was a certain kiss which he received when a boy from a young lady of sweet sixteen; ours will revert to that never-to-be-forgotten supper in the wilderness.

With our first days at the falls are associated recollections of black flies, which were numerous and exceedingly troublesome, our bottles of tar-oil being in constant requisition by both anglers and guides, but the fourth day opened clear and cold. My little pocket-diary records "A bracing morning. No infernal flies! Too cold for the rascals." This troublesome little pest of the woods appeared earlier than usual this season. They ordinarily prevail during June, disappearing early in July, when they are succeeded by mosquitoes and a gray fly denominated by the guides as "gray-legs." In justice to the poisonous little black fly, I must state that the miscreants invariably retire with the setting of the sun, and give you a respite until the following morning.

By ten o'clock on the morning of the fifth day we broke camp and got under way for Big Tupper, fishing the rapids, while the boats and baggage were moved over the carries by the guides. At the mouth of Mud Creek, so highly lauded by Murray, we had no luck, but in several pools, as we passed up the river, drew out some very handsome and gamey trout. Reaching the lake near noon, we halted for half an hour at the picturesque Tupper Falls. While we caught a few good fish, we saw—not, I am afraid, without a spice of mortification—a little yawl containing three barefooted and coatless wrechins of the neighborhood, one of whom rowed, while the others, with none of the elaborate *tormenta* of us city piscators, but with rods cut from a bush, and with a worm of the vicinity for bait, with a method that had nothing in it of "whipping" or "playing," pull up with a jerk bigger trout, and more of them, notwithstanding that the *padre* of our party had "thrown a fly" for nearly forty years. We reached Graves's Lodge, situated at the head of Big-Tupper Lake, in season to exchange our flannel for "boiled" shirts, and to sit down to dinner with two anglers from New York—Mr. Appleton and Mr. Cooley. The view from this charming lodge in the wilderness is particularly grand, one noble peak directly opposite towering above all the others. This nameless mountain a modest gentleman named Wattles wished to be called after him, because he one day had the good fortune to catch a trout that weighed three and a half pounds. Think of Mount Wattles!

In the register kept at Graves's Lodge we noticed the following interesting entry: "Mrs. John A. Appleton, of Staten Island, killed a trout (speckled), May 27, 1869, weighing four and a half pounds;" followed in less than a week by "George A. Crocker, of New York, caught a brook-trout weighing three hours after being caught, four pounds nine ounces, measuring nineteen and a half inches long, June 1, 1869." These, we believe, are the largest speckled trout of which there is any authentic record of having been caught in Tupper Lake or Salmon trout, which are usually taken by trolling while the angler reclines luxuriously in the stern of his boat with a fresh novel or magazine, are frequently caught weighing upward of twenty pounds. On the 9th of May of the present season Dr. Perkins, of Albany, brought one over the side of his boat weighing twenty-five and a half pounds. Even heavier trout are sometimes taken in the Adirondack Lakes. The largest of which we have any knowledge of having been taken with a hook was caught by the late Silas Stevens, of Albany, and weighed thirty-three pounds!

About three o'clock we started for Bartlett's, between the Upper and Lower Saranac Lakes. The wind freshened into a gale, and Tupper was soon covered with white-caps, causing our frail little barks to ship a great deal of water. We, however, escaped being swamped and having to swim for it; but, in ascending the Racquette-River Rapids, the leading boat, containing the senior of the party, was upset, and the *padre* in his best suit received a sudden and unlooked-for bath. The other boats immediately hastened up, the damp disciple of Izaak Walton and his wet guide and portmanteau were rescued, the boat was righted, and, after some half-hour's delay, the party proceeded. Arriving at Sweeney's Carry, we engaged wagons to take the boats and baggage across, and set out on a moonlight walk of three miles through the woods. In another hour we were enjoying a sail across the Upper Saranac, and before ten o'clock were seated at supper at Bartlett's, a favorite resort with fishermen who wish to take their families with them to the wilderness. Here we met many gentlemen from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia,

and among others Mr. Macgregor, who told me he had fished in that region for fifty years. Said he, "I came here in 1821, and have been here every season since."

Leaving Bartlett's the following morning, our party crossed Round Lake and the Lower Saranac, stopping by the way to take a refreshing drink of spring-water at Jacob's Well, and arriving at Martin's, on the Lower Saranac, in time for an early dinner. Here we engaged a conveyance to carry us to Au-Sable Station, where we should meet a train for Plattsburg, and parted with our faithful guides, after paying them at the rate of two dollars and a half per day, including four days' extra pay for the time they would occupy in returning to their homes, and a moderate allowance for their rations.

Passing through North Elba, the residence of the celebrated Captain John Brown, we visited the farm which he and his boys left for Harper's Ferry, and to which they were brought back to be buried. His grandfather's tombstone, brought from Massachusetts, marks the martyr's grave, and loving hands have planted roses and other flowers over and around his resting-place.

Entering Wilmington Pass, we saw the Flume and the Big and Little Falls of the Au-Sable River. These great natural wonders, with the grandeur of the celebrated pass, which for a quarter of a mile is only of sufficient width for the passage of the carriage-road and the river, while on either side the riven rocks are towering almost perpendicular hundreds of feet above you, are charming and beautiful beyond expression. When fairly through, a fine view was obtained of Whiteface Mountain, among the grandest of the Adirondack range. From its summit the view is magnificent. Looking toward the north, we beheld Lake Ontario and the waters of the distant St. Lawrence; to the east we gaze upon a group of little towns and hamlets; in the background may be seen the Green Mountains and the broad bosom of Lake Champlain; and still beyond we mark the dim outlines of the White Mountains; to the south, the central group of the Adirondacks looms up in savage sublimity, while to the west a long chain of lakes lies full in view, and upon every side you behold, as far as the eye can reach, dense, deep forests.

From the Whiteface Mountain House, an excellent *hostelry* on the Au-Sable River, we proceeded to the Au-Sable Station, where we met the train for Plattsburg. From Plattsburg we took the steamer for Burlington, Vermont, where we connected with the train for New York.

And now, gentle reader, having accompanied us back again to our starting-point, a few words before parting.

If you would enjoy fishing for the gamiest, brightest-tinted trout in the world; if you have an eye for the beautiful and sublime, and can find pleasure in wandering among primeval forests, and gazing upon scenery unsurpassed by any east of the Rocky Mountains, and which but yesterday were unknown save to the Indian and the pioneer-hunter; if you would look upon lovely lakes, singing streams, and picturesque falls, with a feeling that you are perhaps gazing upon scenes that civilized man has never beheld before; if you would behold lofty pines and hemlocks, only exceeded in size by the big trees of California, and would come back strengthened for the work of the office or the counting-room—imitate our example, and, avoiding the fashionable resorts, take your rod and your corduroys, and spend two weeks in the wilderness. It will be a hundred times better than reading about it.

For fishing you can go any time after the middle of May; before that time it is too cold for comfortable camping out, and in a great part of the region there are no hotels. Early in July the trout leave the rapids and the upper portions of the streams for the "spring-holes," the location of which your guide can point out. If you are in pursuit of shooting, and wish to hear the music of the hounds, do not go earlier than August. From that date until October, when you can see autumn scenery unsurpassed in the wide world, you will find good deer-shooting. After that time the snow and the cold will drive you out of the wilderness.

"What does the wilderness excursion cost?"

You can go from New York, as we did, remain two weeks, and back again to New York, for one hundred dollars. If you "are on economy bent," you may possibly make the trip for twenty dollars less. I have only to add, in conclusion, that I know of no other way in which twenty days' recreation can be had for five dollars per day with equal mental pleasure and physical advantage.

JAMES GRANT WILSON.



## IN SUMMER-TIME.

LANGUOROUS leaves in the pulsing heat;  
 Silver trill of birds afar;  
 Scent of wild-flowers dewy sweet;  
 Gone the turmoil, fret, and jar:  
 Days are set to sweetest rhyme,  
 In summer-time—in summer-time!

Lake with pure, unwrinkled face,  
 Glassing skies serenely blue;  
 Star-blooms crowning every place,  
 Hidden from the careless view—  
 How with youth and love ye chime,  
 In summer-time—in summer-time!

Fading voices come and go,  
 Borne from uplands far away;  
 Hark! their burden softly low:  
 "Honeyed hours will never stay!"  
 Live the year's melodious prime,  
 In summer-time—in summer-time!

Oh, the days of rapt delight,  
 Cloudless as the tender skies!  
 Oh, the dear, persuasive night,  
 In the deeps of dreamful eyes!  
 Hearts are wed, as rhyme to rhyme,  
 In summer-time—in summer-time!

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## AMERICAN BIRDS.

## BALTIMORE ORIOLES.

THESE gorgeous and graceful birds are among the best known of all the various species that make their summer sojourn in our society. Their brilliant colors, restless manners, and musical voices, compel our attention. The eye cannot resist the flame-like flash of their orange breasts among the green leaves, or the ear the seductive strains of their happy voices. We can but admire the skill with which they construct their hanging-nests, and feel the wisdom of their Maker in that He has dressed the female, on whom devolves the duty of perpetuating the race, in colors less obtrusive than those of her lordly mate. His bright liveries render him an easy quarry to hawks and the other enemies dwelling in the trees and in the air.

The general character of these orioles is docile enough; but on occasion they bear themselves with all the bravery of medieval knights. At nesting-time they are ever ready to lay a lance in rest for their "queen of love and beauty." If, during this interesting season, any unlucky bird ventures to invade an oriole's premises, no matter if he be a giant or a pigmy, he had better beware of the sharp bill and determined spirit which permit no intruders and brook no rivals.

The bird-fanciers take advantage of this pugnacity of disposition to make them captives. They use a stuffed male specimen as a lure, by placing it on the top of a long stake, having limed twigs stuck loosely into little slits in the sides, standing out horizontally in a way to make an apparently convenient perch. Some well-known haunt—a willow-skirted brook, or the well-shaded neighborhood of an old homestead—is usually chosen as the scene of operations. The stake is placed upright in some open spot,

where the sham bird may be seen from all sides, and where there are no low-branched trees near at hand for the victim to rest on. The wretched bird-catcher now retires to some little distance, and, easily imitating the call-note of the male bird, soon attracts the attention of his designed captive. Immediately the oriole sees what he supposes an intruder on his chosen territory, he is enraged, and

flies at him, breathing vengeance and destruction. After a headlong rush or two at the inanimate object he fancies a rival, monsieur is mystified by the strange phenomenon of a bird with a voice and every other semblance of life except motion. He alights boldly on one of the treacherous perches, for a near view, and to consider the matter leisurely. It

falls from under him, his feet are held by it, and, as he strives to free them, his wings are caught, then his feathers, and all stick to the grass so that he cannot move. The bird-catcher comes up and takes him in hand, regardless of his struggles, loud cries, and attempts to bite, stows him in the green-covered cage, and carries him off. That is the end of the poor oriole. He may languish a few weeks, or occasionally a few months; but the prison and the prison fare kill him at length, and another "golden robin" is gathered to his fathers.

In the country, the people call them hanging-birds and fire-birds; but this last name is in some parts applied to the summer red-birds also. It is said that the name Baltimore oriole was given him because the adult males wear the colors of Lord Baltimore, original proprietor of Maryland.

The elder naturalists—Buffon, Pennant, Catesby, and Dr. Latham—have caused much confusion in the scientific nomenclature of these orioles by their mistakes in continually creating new species from imperfect specimens—young birds



BALTIMORE ORIOLE.



CAT-BIRD.

who had not yet come to the full color. Bonaparte, Nuthall, Audubon, and Wilson, have set the matter right, and show conclusively that there are but two species in this part of the United States—viz., the Baltimore and the orchard oriole. This latter bird is more sober-coated, and not so fond of man's society as the Baltimore. He prefers out-of-the-way orchards, and is not so jealous of rivalry as his fierce cousin. Wilson calls him a very "parson of jollity," and speaks of his rollicking ways as being without the dignity of the Baltimore. Birds are as various in disposition as races of men are.

The nest of the *Icterus Baltimore* is the most beautiful of our native birds' nests, if not so complicate and elaborate as that of the *Ploceus Philippinus*, which East-Indian collectors tell us of. They relate that it is marvellous in the extreme beauty of workmanship, and has for an entrance a drooping tube, so loosely constructed that, if a snake or squirrel attempt to enter by it, it gives way with their weight, and drops them in the water over which it is suspended.

However, our hanging-nest is beautiful enough to be very interesting. It is nearly egg-shaped, with the small end upward, open, and made fast to the fork of a swinging limb by threads of flax and the inside bark of like weeds. It is about seven inches deep, and fourteen in circumference. Dry grass, weed-stalks, and often the plunderings of the milk-maid's sewing-basket, constitute the bulk of the materials. The whole is sewed through and through with long horse-hairs, drawn tightly.

A weeping-willow is often selected to bear this work of art; but they do not, like many birds, appear wedded to any special variety of tree. Location seems to be the only desideratum.

As soon as the season of nidification has passed, they become very silent, and keep together in family groups among the tall tops of the tulip and other forest trees. At this time, one can hardly know the young Baltimores by the color, for it runs the whole scale, from russets to greens and yellows, in an altogether puzzling and unsatisfactory manner. The old birds preserve their brilliant plumage all the year round. The black head, wings, and middle-tail feathers, contrast as strongly with the yellow of his back and sides and the scarlet of his breast as when we know him in his more familiar moods of spring. He seldom remains with us after the middle of September, and long before that time has disappeared from about the farm-houses.

#### THE CAT-BIRD.

Cat-birds, cat-briers, and cats, seem to form a trio marked for special abuse by the male portion of the human race. The true but less common names, Carolina thrush and round-leaved green-brier, do not seem to call up this nameless feeling of antipathy; nor do the scientific titles, *Mimus Carolinensis*,\* *Smilax rotundifolia*, and *Felix domesticus*, represent a prejudice. Wherefore every small boy should have a special delight in tormenting the poor cat-bird, it is difficult to determine, unless it be for the reason that the bird has the misfortune to possess a wonderfully mobile voice. With it he cannot only produce the sweetest sounds, but can also utter that discordant cry of alarm or of distress by which he is so well known, and which is the only thing about him resembling the much-abused quadruped cat. We may very safely conclude that he has to bear much of the opprobrium which attaches to the feline race precisely on this account. The charge against the cat-bird is only and solely that he *mews*. Is it claimed that he is a thief, a destroyer of fruits, or a plunderer of hens' nests? No! Is he an ugly bird of revolting habit, like the cuckoo? or does he abandon his young to the tender mercies of foster-parents, like the cow-bunting? Not he! He is a *bon-vivant* in his tastes, a model of elegance in his deportment, and of most exquisitely graceful form, surpassing even his brother-thrushes in the perfection of his figure, and unobtrusive fitness of his dress. An excellent husband and father, he is a very gentleman among birds. Perhaps there is another charge against him, for he builds his nest in a cat-brier bush. But this ought to fall to the ground, for it may probably have been "cat-bird's brier" formerly, and so have taken its unpopularity from the unfortunate circumstance that cat-birds sometimes build their nests in it. What a ridiculous prejudice! Poor bird, poor brier! But it is a very beautiful brier, this smilax, and has a most graceful way of its own in growing into lines of beauty while twining its prehensile, vine-like branches in and around the alders, and sumacs, and things. It must be admitted that it has thorns; but it has as well fresh, shining leaves of a peculiarly-beautiful green,

\* Baird's classification.

bears luscious blue-black berries, and grows from a root possessing medicinal virtues, and so ought to be considered of use—fit for a better fate than being "hewn down and cast into the fire." Suppose we review the life of a cat-bird from the very earliest infancy—so early an infancy, that very few autobiographies go so far back? It was during the first week in June that our specimen bird made his preliminary entry into the world in the shape of a greenish-blue egg, just fifteen-sixteenths of an inch long. At intervals of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours he was joined by three other eggs precisely like himself, and in company with them, was kept warm, by a mother's devoted care, for the space of twelve days, when he became conscious of his existence; and, by continual violent efforts, managed to break the shell which kept him from the outer air. Much to his parents' joy, no doubt, his brothers were equally successful, and struggled into life at about the same time. They were four helpless, nearly blind creatures, who looked all mouth, and had to be fed, for the first three or four days, on food already partially digested in the stomachs of their parents. At the end of that time they had grown considerably, and could manage to take a not over-strong worm on their own accounts. They grew so very rapidly that, in about two weeks, they had put on their pin-feather costume; and, in one more, made shift to leave the nest of their birth, and cling to the branches which held it. The earliest recollection of our bird was this same nest, and he might have described it in this way: It was built in the flat fork of a brier-bush, which supported itself by clinging to a grape-vine, which, in turn, clung to a flourishing, shady sassafras-tree about twenty feet high. The outside, or foundation, was made of coarse, dead twigs, which had been collected with infinite labor from the ground in the vicinity, and were piled in an irregular shape, having a hollow in the centre carefully plastered round with mud, and finally lined with fine fibrous roots, laid with care and exactness, that they might be at the same time smooth and firm. About the time he was able to make these observations in architecture, his father and mother began to teach him to fly, to provide for himself, and to know which insects and berries were proper and wholesome food. Their attentions had been unremitting in supplying provisions for their young family, and, at the end of the month, as they had other duties to attend to, namely, the raising of a second brood, he was left to his own resources. At that season he found it easy to get food, for the number of destructive but edible grubs about the edges of the cornfields, and gardens of the neighbors, was quite prodigious. By the last of September his younger sisters and brothers were full feathered and full grown like himself. Parents and children then travelled in company about the skirts of the swamps and such likely places for food and shelter, especially affecting wild cherry-trees and elderberry-bushes, until the *pepewee*, or sour gum, had ripened. This was also a signal for the commencement of the southern journey, which was led by the old folks; but, so familiar did it seem to him, that he could have journeyed it without a guide. The travelling was all done in the daytime, from bush to bush, in short flights, except when they had to cross rivers. The nights were spent in rest and refreshing sleep in a thicket, where they sat safe and content, listening to the varied conversations of the many species that flew past, making their migrations at night to save time. They wintered in Florida, and on the way there and back. In the spring the family took leave of each other by mutual consent, and set out to seek their fortunes. Our individual returned as nearly as he could remember to the locality of his birth, to cultivate the virtues and perpetuate the race of cat-birds, as his fathers had done before him. His path was not a smooth one, however, and it is with regret it is written; his nest was more than once torn down and plundered by unthinking school-boys, who hated cats, and every thing bearing the name of cat. Their fathers did not mind. It was "only a cat-bird's" nest, and cat-birds stole five or six cherries each in a season, and devoured thousands of noxious insects. The fathers forgot this last part of the statement of facts, and added, "If it had been a blue-bird's nest, or a robin's, whew! wouldn't you have got it?" By "it" is meant a thrashing.

GILBERT BURLING.

#### THE PASSION-PLAY AT OBERAMMERGAU.

THE summer sun shone brightly over the Bavarian Alps, as we approached Oberammergau, on our way to witness the Passion Play. We advanced rapidly through the narrow, green Alpine val-

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by wound round a precipitous cliff, and the village stood before us. Light-colored, cheerful-looking houses, with graceful carved work on their deep, overhanging roofs, and pretty balustrades on their balconies and galleries, surrounded us. The colored images of saints upon the houses were for the most part well executed. Behind the mirror-like windows white curtains fluttered, and blooming flowers greeted us everywhere. On every side were neatness and poetic feeling. At the upper end of the village it was already very quiet, for the performance was to begin at eight o'clock, and the hour had already struck. Here and there a female figure, with fluttering garments on her arm, glided from a house, and hastened to the place of the performance on the green at the lower end of the village. The farther we proceeded the livelier it grew; the barricades of vehicles before the public-houses grew thicker and thicker, the press and throng of people increased, so that at last we were obliged to leave our carriage, and moved slowly on in the murmuring stream of men to the place. A high enclosure of boards fenced in both stage and audience-seats, under the shadow of which images of saints, rosaries, and crucifixes, were offered for sale, and eagerly bought by the country-people, of whom the women were dressed in the becoming national costume. Naturally the tents and booths of the beer-sellers were not wanting on the green, one of whom, to recruit the strength of the performers, had erected his establishment under the very floor of the stage.

On the preceding Sundays the throng of the public had been so great that the fifteen thousand square feet of space measured off for the spectators was not sufficient to contain them, so that on their account it was found necessary to repeat the performance on Mondays. But this time there was room enough. The audience that filled the amphitheatre-like seats consisted mainly of country-people, although many strangers had come, even from the other side of the ocean. The auditorium was not covered, with the exception of the highest seats in the rear. As one is there far removed from the stage, and hears with some difficulty, we had taken our seats in the centre, not far from the orchestra, where we were for eight hours (for so long does the play last, counting an hour's intermission at noon) mercilessly exposed to the burning rays of the sun. But even our ladies, who dared not use their sunshades, cared nothing for the glowing heat, so profoundly were we absorbed and interested by the play. And now we had an opportunity to make ourselves acquainted with the *libretto*, and to observe the arrangements of the stage.

The *libretto* comprises the leading ideas of the play, and gives the text of the choruses of the Schutzgeist (tutelary saints), which introduces the *tableaux*, of which two precede each representation, and explains their relation to the scene that follows. The action is divided into three principal divisions, and these again into seventeen scenes, with prologue and epilogue. It begins with the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, and ends with the Ascension. The play has one hundred and four speaking-parts for men and fifteen for women, besides which there are about two hundred and fifty silent parts, including children. In addition to these is the chorus of the Schutzgeist and the orchestra, so that, theatre people, superintendents, etc., included, about five hundred persons, half of the population of Oberammergau, are concerned in the play.

The stage is essentially different in its arrangements from our dramatic stage. The proscenium, of some eighty feet wide and twenty deep, is not cut off by any curtain; the background is made up by a central platform, upon which, right and left, the houses of Annas and of Pilate are arranged, with an overlooking balcony. Close by, you look, on both sides, into open streets. Only the central stage is enclosed and separated by a curtain, the remaining portion of the stage having, like the auditorium, only the sky above it for canopy. Upon this central stage the *tableaux-vivans* are displayed, which is provided with movable scenes; and here all those scenes of the Passion are performed which demand an especial place of performance. This arrangement, therefore, gives, besides the proscenium, a fivefold stage, permitting a freedom of movement and management of masses which only the ancient theatre allowed, and which the performance of historical drama requires, if it is to be any thing more than a representation of single characters upon an historical background.

And now three discharges of cannon give the signal for the beginning of the performance, when a profound silence settles down upon the thousand-headed mass of the spectators, and the orchestra begins the simple and solemn overture. On the right and left the

chorus of the Schutzgeist steps forth from the side-scenes, one behind another, in the order of their height, the smallest last, until they stand together in the centre of the front of the stage. All, men and women, boys and girls, without distinction, are clothed in long, toga-like mantles and garments, their heads encircled by a golden diadem. With arms crossed upon their breasts and bowed heads, they begin the opening song:

"Bow thyself in holy adoration,  
Race oppressed beneath the curse of God!  
Rejoice," etc.

Meanwhile, the curtain of the central stage is twice raised, disclosing the *tableaux-vivans*: "Expulsion from Paradise," and the "Adoration of the Cross." In the same manner and order in which it entered, the chorus now goes off the stage, on the right and left, each one keeping close to the one walking before him.

Now the play begins. The curtain of the central stage rising, shows Jerusalem. Singing hosannas and strewing palm-branches, a mighty stream of men pours in from the open background, passes through the side-scenes on the left, and presses out from the streets on either side into the proscenium. Jesus, sitting like a woman upon an ass, follows, and behind him his disciples, bearing long staves in their hands. Fully three hundred persons are at this time upon the scene. This entry into Jerusalem has about it a verisimilitude and magnificence that puts to shame all the grand marches and coronation spectacles of our theatres. With a scarcely-perceptible motion, Jesus glides from his beast, which is led away, and stands upon his feet. He is of a tall and slender figure, with a pale, spiritual face, surrounded with a dark beard, and long black hair. His sonorous voice has a soft ring, and his movements are of a quiet dignity. He seems to have come down living from out of some sacred picture.

It should here be observed that, in the apportionment of the parts according to the talent of each performer, a special attention seems to have been given to the external bodily capacity of each. Thus he who represents Judas Iscariot, who performed his part altogether admirably (except that he, as also some of the chorus, in the matter of gesticulation, *dilettanti*-fashion, made too much of a good thing) has by nature red hair and a red beard, sharply-cut features, and a piercing look from his small, twinkling eyes. The Apostle John off the stage appeared as a blond, smooth-faced youth; and as the performer of Jesus, besides his talent, seems by his external appearance to have been made especially for the part, so also in the character of the Virgin Mary there appeared an altogether beautiful ideal vision overflowing with poetic feeling.

The costumes were taken from the saints' pictures of the middle ages, and the dresses of the players were closely copied from those in which the Jews and soldiers, high-priests and apostles, are there represented. So also the living pictures were arranged after the best models. They would have been most effective, even without the fine artistic sense that was shown in the grouping and in the massing of colors.

As soon as Jesus had dismounted from the ass, the curtain, which had fallen, rises again, and we find ourselves in the Temple, which is filled with sellers of every kind, and where the money-changers have their tables. That the before-mentioned houses, together with the streets on both sides, remain unchanged, does not in the least disturb us. The decorations of the central stage, and the performance, of which the central point is there, completely carry away the fancy in this as well as in all the subsequent scenes. And, if this was the case with us, whose theatrical illusions are dispelled by the most insignificant circumstances, how much greater must have been the effect produced upon these rustic spectators!

Jesus, after a brief conversation with the Jewish priests, overturns the tables in scorn, seizes the scourge, and drives out the hucksters. Very remarkable in this scene—which, even on an artistic stage, and much more in a popular theatre, would have been coarse and repulsive—was the moderation which was observed by Jesus and his followers. Repeated occasion was given for this remark in the whole course of the performance. These rustic wood-carvers displayed a most wonderful tact.

Introduced by the chorus and living pictures, scene after scene followed in dramatic gradation.

We are present at the sitting of the High Council at which the death of Jesus is determined upon, and Judas is sought for as a witness. Then follows the scene in the house of Simon, where Magda-



lene washes the feet of Jesus and excites the anger of the avaricious Judas by the costly ointment which she pours upon his head. Jesus then prepares for his journey to Jerusalem, and takes leave of his mother, one of the most affecting scenes of the drama, which leaves scarce an eye dry in the immense assembly of spectators. Now the tempters approach Judas; his greed and his care for the future, for he knows that his master's kingdom is not of this world, deliver him into their hands. He is taken before the Council, sweeps up with avidity the clinking pieces of silver that are paid him, and then goes forth to perform the Passover with him whom he has betrayed. Jesus washes the disciples' feet, gives them the bread and the cup in remembrance of him, and points out Judas as the one who shall betray him. The prayer on the Mount of Olives and the taking of the master, a most life-like scene, concludes the first part of the play.

As if coming out of a church, the many thousand spectators moved slowly and almost silently into the open air. Then first their tongues were loosed; the tents of the beer-sellers were quickly filled, for the noonday heat is fearful and the thirst great, and, wherever a shady little spot can be found, there lie groups around their baskets of provisions or the jugs that have been bought here. We found shelter at the long tables under the shadow of the stage, and a draught from the cool fountain of the foaming national drink.

Nothing is more erroneous than the opinion that the Passion-play is a profanation of sacred and divine things. Whoever may have entertained it must have felt it soon removed by the choral-like clang of the overture, and completely by the prologue song, so affecting in its simplicity, and so full of the purest sentiment. That is no invitation to worldly pleasure, but to a church-like ceremony, and as such the multitude, full of devotion, followed the progress of the performance.

At the Supper, which is produced in the broadest amplification, exactly according to the Gospel of John, I gazed around me. I recollected that, on many stages, that scene from Schiller's "Mary Stuart," in which the unfortunate queen receives the sacrament before her last journey, had been stricken out as objectionable. Now, no one is more opposed to any thing that is a profanation of what is sacred to him than the peasant, yet, during the scene that I have mentioned, such a stillness reigned throughout the room, as if every one feared to disturb the holy action even by his breath; all sat with folded hands, and the lips of many moved, as if they repeated in the spirit the words of the appointment. Of course, it is given with some accent, for it is the merit of the performers that the slow, serious disposition of the hearers is not disturbed during the whole course of the performance, not even by the Upper-Bavarian pronunciation of the "high German," whose accent, sometimes stronger, and sometimes weaker, among the performers, comes out in full force in the case of Herod. It is even true that this pronunciation brings the whole thing more naturally and closely home to the people. It is thus they hear every Sunday the priest speak to them from the chancel.

The standard of the stage should not be applied to the performance of these actors. They are *dilettanti* who are acting, but they have talent; it cannot be denied that they have an artistic feeling awakened and kept alive in them by their vocation of wood-carving; and, besides this, their parts are not to them something foreign which has been learned by heart. Each one of them is, and feels himself to be, that which he seems: this one Jesus, that Mary, that John, and so on; they seem to be entirely possessed by the pure spirit of the character whom they represent. I doubt whether the greatest of actors could succeed in representing the simple sublimity of the Redeemer, his greatness in suffering, with such affecting naturalness as does this wood-carver Joseph Mair. I doubt whether the most accomplished actress in the part of Mary could so thrill us with emotion as does this Franziska Flunger, the daughter of the drawing-master at Oberammergau, by the tearful anguish with which she parts from her son, or by the simple but overwhelming effect of the words spoken in tears at the foot of the cross: "Ah, a sword pierces through mine own soul also!"

There is yet another lesson. All these performers have from childhood been familiar with the Passion-play, which is a very important affair to the congregation, for from the receipts of the performance are defrayed the otherwise burdensome cost of many necessary and useful institutions of the community, and from the surplus the players are compensated, though, from the very great number of

participants, little is given to any individual. All have from their earliest years taken part in the play, either in the tableaux, the choruses, or in the groupings of the spectacle. And so all, generation after generation, have gradually grown up in their several parts in the drama. This gives to every individual an unerring certainty, a joyful enthusiasm and inspiration, and to the whole performance a roundness and harmony which no art-stage can ever attain with its constantly-changing members, even of those who only act in dumb show. There is no *hitch* anywhere, every thing moves with the infallible precision of a machine, and only so can it be explained that in this mass, often of hundreds of persons at one time upon the stage, no one obstructs another; all is full of life and movement, and they are able to speak in the most perfect unison. And what wild passion rages in them when they shout, "Crucify him!" or demand from Pilate the release of Barabbas!

Three discharges of the gun announce the hour for the continuation of the performance. After the departure of the chorus, Annas appears upon the balcony of his house upon the right of the middle stage; while opposite, on the left, the scene is in progress before Pilate. Anxiety as to whether Jesus had really been taken has not allowed Annas to sleep. Now comes in the train of the officers from the Mount of Olives. The prisoner is led into the house, and the first hearing takes place upon the balcony. Annas, with his wisdom, comes quickly to an end, delivers Jesus over to the council of the high-priests, who hear the witnesses against him, and condemn him to death. "He hath blasphemed God, and whoever blasphemeth God should die!" He is led into the hall, where the maid-servants light a fire. Peter warms himself there, and as the cock (which is not especially well imitated by a man's voice) crows for the second time, he has thrice denied his master before the soldiers, who then exercise their mockery upon Jesus, whose meekness is not to be moved by it. Meanwhile, Judas Iscariot has been informed of the judgment of the council. He curses the deed, and in the next scene we see him casting the wages of sin at the feet of the high council. We are witnesses of his despair and of his end. As he fastens the girdle of his garment to a tree upon the central stage, the curtain falls.

Now Jesus appears before Pilate, who is represented as a noble man in contrast to Herod, whose whole object in life is enjoyment. But he is good-natured, and when, dismissed from the presence of Pilate, the fanatical Jews appear before him with their prisoner, he mocks them. He sees in Jesus only a juggler, and calls upon him to perform his miracles. When he is silent at all his questions, he permits him to be mocked, arrayed as a king, with the purple robe, and a reed-sceptre placed in his hand. Still he can see nothing in him worthy of death, and sends him back again to Pilate. Wildly sounds the cry of the people, "He should die! he should die!" in the ears of the Roman governor, and stirs his hitherto-unmoved cold blood. To appease the rage of the Jews, he commands that Jesus shall be scourged.

Behind the curtain we hear the cracking of the scourge and the rude, mocking laughter of the soldiers. When the curtain rises the flagellation is over, and only a couple of blows are given, which barely touch the pathetic, suffering figure of the Redeemer, who, with his garments girded about his loins, stands at the martyr's stake. The soldiers place upon his head the crown of thorns. But the thirst of the Jewish priests for blood is not appeased. They excite a tumult among the people; the populace rush to the house of Pilate, and, their wild threats, denouncing him as the enemy of Cesar, make the Roman waver. He is compelled to release to them Barabbas, and to break the wand over Jesus. Of what avail is it that he afterward washes his hands in the presence of the people? It is his word that sheds the blood of Christ.

The third and last division begins with the procession to Calvary. It moves out from the street on the right, while from the other side come forth the weeping daughters of Jerusalem, who are followed at a distance by the mother of Jesus, John, and Mary Magdalene. A Roman centurion on horseback leads the procession; then follows Jesus, painfully bearing the heavy cross, and at last, breaking down beneath the weight, it is transferred to Simon of Cyrene, who is looking indifferently on. The two thieves follow, bearing their crosses, the executioner's assistants, Roman soldiers, priests, and people. The procession moves to the central stage, and the curtain falls.

This time the chorus comes on arrayed in black mourning-gar-

ments, and the leader, with accompanying music, recites the verses which introduce the coming scene. We are about to see the mediator between God and sin and death die upon Golgotha. At the verses—

"Whose heart will not with grief o'erflow,  
Hearing the hammer's dreadful blow,  
Driving those nails, with crashing sound,  
Through hands and feet with cruel wound!"—

we hear behind the curtain the heavy blows of the hammers, and the effect is deeply moving. At last the recital comes to a climax in the song:

"Who that wondrous love can state—  
Love lasting unto death;  
Pardoning, giving love for hate,  
Blessing with dying breath!"

The chorus-leader sings, and the chorus joins in:

"With purest heart-devotion,  
Your loving offerings bring,  
Before the cross  
His praises sing!"

The curtain rolls up once more. The two thieves already hang on the cross, their arms bound to the cross-beam, and now the larger cross, to which Jesus is nailed with outstretched arms, is slowly raised. Loud weeping and sighs are heard from among the spectators, and from many a manly breast we hear the words, "O Jesus, my Creator!" "Jesu Maria!" "O my Saviour!" Tears and sighs are seen and heard all through the scene until the burial. At the foot of the cross kneel the two Marys, near whom stands John, with hands wrung in agony, to whom the dying one commends his mother. In front of the cross the soldiers cast lots for the garments of the sufferer. Roman soldiers, priests, and people, fill the scene. Solemnly sound the last words of Christ from the cross. When he bows his head and dies, a rolling peal of thunder is heard. All take flight, save the executioners, who break the legs of the thieves with straw-stuffed clubs—even here is moderation to be noticed—and take the bodies down from the cross. Meanwhile, Joseph of Arimathea has asked of Pilate the body of Christ, and the Roman centurion protects it from the enraged Jews. To prove to them that Jesus is dead, a soldier thrusts a spear into his heart. From a bladder concealed beneath his raiment blood gushes forth—a naturalism to be condemned. But the rustic spectators could scarcely be persuaded to permit themselves to be robbed of this incident, at which the women scream.

The descent from the cross is the realization of the well-known picture of Rubens. They proceed slowly and with care in this, for the limbs of the player are benumbed with the stretching upon the cross, which has lasted for over a quarter of an hour.

The next scene pertains to the Resurrection. The guards are sleeping at the sepulchre. They wake and take to flight when the angel rolls away the stone and Jesus comes forth. The women, coming to the tomb with spices, are told by the angel of the resurrection. The news spreads through the city, and the Jews offer the guards gold that they may say that the body has been stolen away, but they reject the lie. At last Jesus appears to Mary Magdalene as the gardener.

A triumphal "Hallelujah!" from the chorus opens the closing act. In white raiment, with the banner of the Cross in his hand, Jesus stands on high with the apostles and the company of the saints, while the Jews, Pilate with his soldiers, and the hucksters of the Temple, lie with their faces bowed to the earth. At the *finale* Jesus slowly ascends to heaven, and the curtain falls for the last time.

## ABANDONED.

### I.

UP in that room, sir, I reckon you'll find her;  
Yes, up them stairs; oh, you needn't be skeered!  
They won't break with you; see here, I ain't afeerd.  
Sometimes her spirits is low, but don't mind her;  
Fact is, I think, sir, her time is most up;  
Starvin' ain't good for one's health anywhere,  
And when it comes to a bit and a sup  
Just by chance, why, it isn't much better'n air;

And that's how it's been with her ever so long,  
Though it's plain that she never was strong.

### II.

No one to help her? Well, that I don't know, sir;  
She's kind o' close, and don't say much, yessee;  
Ain't one whose tongue runs on foolish and free,  
Rather the sort that goes quiet and slow, sir,  
Keepin' themselves to theirselves pooty tight,  
Lockin' their misery up in their hearts;  
Some folks live that way, and maybe it's right,  
But my notion of it is just this: it smarta.  
But I b'leeve you was speakin' of help. Take that cheer,  
And I'll tell you what's mentioned round here.

### III.

It's now 'bout two year since that ere poor creetur—  
Bless her heart! she's a angel of goodness and grace;  
And the way she do manage to fix up her place:  
Why, you never see any thing cleaner or neater!—  
Well, sir, it's now 'bout two year since she come,  
All alone by herself, 'cept a baby, which died  
'Fore a month, leavin' her, sir, quite grief-struck and dumb;  
But the women-folk knew what her manner implied:  
What they can't find out 'bout a woman or man,  
It ain't likely no other one can.

### IV.

This is what they say: She was took in most shameful;  
The scamp, a onprincipled rascal! he thought  
The old gent would come down, which the old gent did not,  
But contrariwise, sir, and I think he was blameful.  
Anyhow, that ere scamp, he cleared out; and his wife,  
As he'd promised to love and protect—why, sir, she,  
A gal as had never knowed want in her life,  
Was left to look out for herself. Now, hang me,  
If I wouldn't serve such a rascal as him  
With a swing from a twenty-foot limb!

### V.

Yessee, sir, she's proud; so, instead of applyin'  
To them as should help her—his folks or her own—  
She keeps on a-tryin' to work here alone,  
And likely she'll do it right on till she's dyin'.  
It ain't much the strength she has left will allow,  
Scarce enough for her rent and a trifle to eat—  
That's her movin'; I reckon she's goin' out now;  
You can see her afore she gets down to the street.  
Oh, you've suthin' to say to her? Well, that's all right—  
There, now, ain't she a pitiful sight?

### VI.

Why, ma'am, you look smart! I'm right glad of it, too, ma'am!  
This gentleman wishes—Hey? Bless me! what's this?  
Your daughter, sir! No? Well, if you say she is—  
But come, hold up steady, poor creetur; now do, ma'am!  
Lord, it's surprisin' how things do work round!  
Some say it's angels as does it all through;  
I don't know 'bout that, but I think, sir, you've found  
Out a angel as pooty, as good, and as true,  
As the best which has wings. But now warn't it queer  
That them other ones brought you down here?

DANIEL CONNOLLY.

## TABLE-TALK.

IN a letter to the St.-Louis convention of working-men, Mr. Theodore Tilton utters an appeal in behalf of working-women. He urges a "rearrangement of your crafts, and particularly of the finer mechanical pursuits, so as to give women an equal chance with men to earn a livelihood by well-paid toil," deprecates the intense hostility exhibited by craftsmen in many pursuits against the intrusion of women in their trades, and enjoins his hearers to send out a declaration "from the centre of the continent to the boundaries thereof that you will henceforth bid women a cheerful welcome into all your trades, and add to this the just and brotherly pledge that for women, as for men, a fair day's work shall bring a fair day's pay." Mr. Tilton writes with eloquence and force, and seemingly with great justice; but we apprehend that, if he would secure to women a more general admission into the ranks of labor, he must address his appeal to the women themselves. It is specially misaimed to enjoin upon working-men the task of securing women a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, when the real ground of the opposition to female labor is in the fact that women, as a class, by ruinous competition break down price, and so render impossible fair wages for just labor. This woman-labor question will never be rightly acted upon until the reformers come to understand that the difference between the rewards of male and female labor, so far as it exists, arises, not from unfair discrimination, but from unfair competition. The uniform tendency of wages is, to gravitate to the lowest price that will support life. This is an accepted law of political economy. Workmen wisely attempt to counteract this tendency by organization, and by such steps as will prevent injurious competition. But with women no such organization exists; and, while they take no precautions to secure adequate wages, the fact that they can support life on much less expenditure than men can, enables and induces them to compete for labor at lower prices. As individuals, their expenses average considerably less than those of men, and they do not usually have families to support. Fashionable women spend for their wardrobes vast sums; in extravagance they can outdo men; but a young woman can clothe herself with entire neatness at a cost that would be utterly insufficient for men. We have met with ladies of taste and accomplishment who felt themselves rich on earnings of twelve or fifteen dollars a week, and who, in their eagerness to earn this much, have been regardless of usual standards of price. And then, again, as we once before pointed out in the JOURNAL, there are a large class of women-workers who enter some fields of labor with no other object than to earn a little pocket-money. They are supported by their parents, have neither board, rent, fuel, nor light, to pay for, but are anxious, by a few hours at the sewing-machine, or in other employments that can be performed at home, to earn enough to clothe themselves, or to increase the luxuries of the family. These workers labor without

regard to cost or just standards. They value a little money greatly because a little money serves their purpose, and hence they compete with the professional laborer most injuriously. Now, the wages of labor are always at the lowest point for which the laborer will consent to work. It is the rule of all trade to buy at the lowest market-figure. Mr. Tilton conducts the *Golden Age* on this principle; he purchases paper, which is one form of labor, on the best terms he can command; he pays his compositors no more than the customary price. The absolute economical necessities of his office, as of all offices, imperatively require this; and hence the price that he and others pay for labor is the lowest price which labor will consent to receive. Women receive less than men simply because, as a class, they consent to do so; and they consent to this because their necessities do not require so much, and, at the same time, with reckless and unfair competition, they continually break down prices. All this being true, is it a wonder that men dread the intrusion of women into their pursuits? If the argument is true that women are as capable as men, the greater cause for this apprehension. There is probably no handicraft that would not be seriously injured by competitive female workers, and hence the interests of self-protection organize the male artisans in hostile array against the introduction of this dangerous element. This is natural; it is inevitable. Sentiment won't undo it; eloquence won't remove it; conventions and public meetings cannot change it. Distinctions of wages between the two sexes will cease whenever women, as a class, enter the field of labor on the same conditions that men do. The matter lies in their own hands.

— In reference to our recent comments on the use of the words "lady" and "gentleman," a correspondent sends us the following:

SIR: In your JOURNAL for July 29th, the Table-Talker lectures the public, in his usual graceful and pointed way, on what he deems a misuse of the words "lady" and "gentleman." He well remarks that these words have been fruitful of dispute, and seems disposed to attribute an incapacity for definition to those who decline to accept the more restricted meaning of the terms which he thereupon propounds. This may or may not be an explanation; perhaps, in some cases, it is; but I am inclined to think that the difference lies far deeper, and pertains to the real significance of the words themselves. I should also be disposed to think that the difficulties of definition were exaggerated, did not the Table-Talker himself furnish us with a timely example of the truth of his remarks. "Nothing, it might be supposed," he says, "could be more clear than that the word man expresses the sex, and the word gentleman the rank." (I substitute man for woman, and gentleman for lady, because I propose to confine my attention to the word "gentleman.") He then goes on to enumerate, as the requisites to a gentleman, "culture," and "refined breeding," and "certain articles of dress," and "the arts of social life;" things which, however significant in themselves, certainly have nothing to do with "rank"—a social distinction unknown in America. The fact seems to be that, as generally used, the word man indicates the sex, and the word gentleman the *qualities*. When used in England to indicate rank, "gentleman" meant any man above the

condition of yeoman, and was used at a time when "culture" and the thing which it expresses were alike unknown, and when "refinement," as we understand it, was regarded with scorn by the "gentlemen" who monopolized the title. In more recent times, when, by the progress of society, *qualities* in men are becoming more important than rank, good use has been found for the word in a much larger general signification, and, so far as my own observation goes, not only do five persons out of six use it correctly, but they are quite able also to give at least an intelligible explanation of such use. As an illustration will prove more effective than to anticipate here a definition which I shall give farther on, I invite the Table-Talker to refer to Professor Tyndall's last work, "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (page 43), where Bennen, a Swiss mountain-guide, is spoken of as "a perfect gentleman." Bennen is also called "a gentleman" in at least two other pages in the book, but which I cannot now recollect. Now, no one supposes, on reading the above, that Bennen was a man of "culture," or "refined breeding," or versed in the "arts of social life;" yet every one will understand exactly what Professor Tyndall meant, and this is precisely the function which the word fulfils in the modern vocabulary. This brings me to say that, in America, the popular assertion is, not that "a gentleman is any male adult who gets an honest living, and is not absolutely a boor," but, as Webster has it, "a man who is polite and civil, as distinguished from one who is vulgar and boorish." No doubt it is a grievance that we have no single word for describing a man possessed of great refinement and a high degree of intellectual and social culture; but general usage has given the word *gentleman* a wider significance, and general usage decides definition. Some exception to this rule must, of course, be allowed; but no objection can be taken on radical grounds of grammar, when, as in the case of "gentleman" and "lady," the present meaning is a legitimate and almost inevitable outgrowth from preceding etymologies.

Respectfully yours,

C.

In view of all that has been written and said on this topic, it would seem superfluous to revive the discussion at this late day; but, as we opened the debate, we give our correspondent space, and make one more utterance on the subject. Our correspondent assumes that the word "rank" applies only to the titled orders existing in Europe, and that it implies "a social distinction unknown in America." He forgets that everybody talks of the "upper classes," of the "middle classes," and of the "lower classes." Rank does not necessarily mean title, and difference of social position is as commonly recognized in America as anywhere else. Our correspondent substitutes the word "qualities" for that of "rank;" we accept it willingly, if he means quality of breeding. Qualities of honesty, virtue, sobriety, however excellent they may be, and which in real value are clearly superior to refinements of manner, do not make the gentleman, because of themselves alone they do not give tone and manner. "C." refers to Webster. Different editions of Webster give different definitions. In the latest, "gentleman" is defined as "one of gentle or refined manners; a well-bred man." This definition accords closely with our argument. Worcester defines a gentleman to be "a man raised above the vulgar by birth, edu-

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cation, condition, profession, or manners; a person of good breeding and character." This suits us very well. But "C." quotes from Webster the definition of "polite and civil." These terms do not appear in the later editions, and in the earlier ones are accompanied with the words "of good breeding;" and very necessarily. Mere politeness and civility do not make a gentleman; if they did, an obsequious beggar or a cringing flunky might claim the title. Your barber is polite and civil; so is your cook, your coal-heaver, your boot-black. Politeness and civility may be exhibited by the most vulgar of people; as Webster rightly asserts, they must be supplemented by what is called "good breeding," in order to make one a gentleman. And what is good breeding? In earlier times it was called "gentle breeding," and was very far from being "unknown," notwithstanding "C.'s" sweeping assertion. It expresses the thousand refinements, the polished and agreeable manners that distinguish cultivated people from vulgar people. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," discusses this question, and decides that, if all other tests fail, it can safely be assumed that no man is a gentleman who blows his nose with his fingers! People are very prone to make some one thing a supreme test of a man's social rank, and often, no doubt, unjustly. There are those who decide upon a man's claim to the title of gentleman by noting how he eats. Some people, doubtless, will deride this; but we imagine that the quality of culture, the nature of a man's breeding, will very decidedly exhibit itself at table. Our correspondent quotes from Professor Tyndall, and quotes him incorrectly. Bensen, the guide, is described by Professor Tyndall as a "perfect *Nature's* gentleman." "C." forgot to note the word "*Nature's*," and this term changes the matter greatly. What can the word *Nature* here imply but a concession that, whereas, according to ordinary experience, society and culture make a gentleman, in this exceptional instance *Nature* has admirably done for the man that which usually is accomplished only as a result of suitable conditions? Tyndall, in fact, speaks of the man's superiority to his class. When "C." brings in a witness he should report the testimony correctly. Among the definitions given in earlier editions of Webster is this: "A term of *complaisance* applied to assemblies of citizens irrespective of social condition." It is the use of the term in this spirit of complaisance that is specially objectionable. For the sake of accuracy, it should be limited in general use to its strict meaning; and we believe that it is simply demoralizing for people to claim and receive an honorable title which they take no pains to deserve.

—The Portuguese hero-worshipper must be a fastidious mortal; he is not content to permit that still remains of Vasco da Gama to rest where he has rested these three centuries past, in the capital of his native country. It has been determined to remove the illustrious navigator—what of him three centuries have spared—with great pomp from Lisbon to Goa, the Oriental city which best celebrates his noble cruises and his great discoveries. It will be the second trip which

Vasco has taken since his death through the track upon which he, living, ventured with results so brilliant and substantial. He died on the Malabar coast, and lay entombed at Cochim for a third of a century. Meanwhile, that posthumous reverence for greatness, which seeks to atone for the neglect of heroes during life, grew restless, and Dom Juan, King of Portugal, caused Vasco to be brought home in the admiral's flag-ship, and interred at Lisbon with ostentatious splendor. Now the famous wanderer—whose wanderings, oddly, did not end, as those of most people do, in death—is to be restored once more to the Orient, where his first appearance was regarded by the natives as an awful and prophetic portent. On what little things, what chance incidents, does fame often, after all, rest! Columbus and Vespucci live in the memory of men, as do Van Diemen and Penn, for they have given their names to continents and provinces. But Vasco da Gama was fast being forgotten, when a poet, searching for a theme, hit upon him as the hero of his projected epic; and a composer, struck with the picturesqueness of Vasco's adventures, gave tuneful celebration to his feats upon the ocean. Camoens, who, by-the-by, though a great bard, died neglected, as did his hero Vasco, and in the same country, embalmed the navigator in Portuguese verse; and Meyerbeer constructed his latest operatic triumph upon an Oriental legend with which Vasco's name had been entwined by his special compatriot. Vasco is, therefore, perhaps best known by the Portuguese scholar who is thrilled by Camoens's noble stanzas, and by the fashionable opera-going world which grows applause as it is inspired by the rich music of "*L'Africaine*." So much for poetry and music as handmaidens of history. No more worthy historic name has been so embalmed. Vasco really discovered the passage around the Cape of Good Hope; he passed eastward across the Indian Ocean, and gave to Europe the pathway to the riches of the farthest Orient. He linked the chain of communion between Europe and Asia. He pointed out India to English aggression. He struck the first blow at the commercial ascendancy of the Venetian Republic, and unconsciously initiated the course of events which were to rob Genoa the Superb of her proud glories. And he transferred to his own land that rich and mighty Oriental trade which raised Portugal to the culmination of her power and prosperity. Vasco was a man of such dauntless pluck as has been rare in all history; his boats were shells, his sailors unskilled and fearful, but he kept a brave soul, and persevered, and pushed his prow boldly through to far distant, unknown countries. He made the "Celt know the Indian;" that is a title to fame so clear that we wonder that his fame should have so dimmed as to need an opera to burnish it up again.

—America has made as rapid a progress in the arts and letters as in political science and material growth. Our sculptors, painters, poets, and historians, may not unjustly be compared with those of the Old World. Longfellow is Tennyson's rival in the households of Britain; Motley and Prescott are perhaps not less widely read through-

out the civilized world than Macaulay, Hume, Thiers, and Sismondi; certainly England has in recent years produced no sculptor equal to Hiram Powers. How is it, then, that this country has produced no musical genius possessed of creative powers? The taste for music, and the criticism of it, are certainly well developed; nowhere do the great singers and the noble works of the *maestri* receive a warmer or more appreciative welcome than with us. But America still awaits its first great composer—has still to produce its first great symphony, oratorio, or opera. This seems, indeed, thus far to be an Anglo-Saxon defect. The British Isles may be said to have produced but one composer of high rank, and his rank is among the second-rate creators of harmonies, and he was an Irishman. It is gratifying to observe that England is about to commemorate the genius of Michael William Balfe. It is suggested that a statue of him shall be erected in the vestibule of the time-honored Drury-Lane Theatre, where crowded houses have so often applauded his operatic triumphs. No one who has listened to the lovely music of "The Bohemian Girl" need be reminded of Balfe's sympathetic and richly sentimental genius. Paris, surfeited with "Faust," and "La Traviata," and "Fidelio," and "Le Premier Jour de Bonheur," had its *blasé* head turned a little over a year ago by "The Bohemian Girl," whose beauties were then for the first time discovered and widely applauded by the most fastidious of operatic audiences. It was well that Balfe might enjoy such a triumph just before he died; indeed, he passed away at the acme of his fame, though his most celebrated operas were written long ago. Among his works, the most famous are the opera just named, "The Rose of Castile," "Falstaff," "The Siege of Rochelle," and "The Lover's Well," all of a simple, sentimental, and sweetly-harmonious character; a style notable as well in most Irish poetry as in most Irish music. The Pyne-and-Harrison troupe did much to enhance Balfe's fame by the excellent manner in which they presented his operas; few who heard him will soon forget poor William Harrison, with his rosy cheeks and stalwart frame, and clear, sweet tenor voice, in "The Bohemian Girl." Balfe was a modest, cheerful, whole-souled, warm-hearted man, with a bright, handsome face, and charming manner; and it is not too soon for England to honor a subject, who is already honored abroad, by statues, and busts, and frescoes, in almost every opera-house from Paris to Naples.

—An English manufacturer has put forth a series of large wood-engravings, or "illustrated wall-papers," designed for the enrichment of house walls. They are extremely effective, and, in their way, capitally executed. Many are entitled to high praise, even as works of art, and show very forcibly the ability of the designers and engravers who were employed to produce them. They are all accompanied by economical and pious disquisitions, anecdotes, and counsel, printed in type on the same sheets. The engravings measure about eleven by fifteen inches, and show well from a distance, while they do not suffer on close examination. We do not see why this idea should not be imitated and en-

larged in this country, where wall-paper is used more than anywhere else in the world. A series of good engravings would certainly be more attractive than the unmeaning figures now in use. We hope, however, that whoever adopts this suggestion will have the good taste to dispense with the "economical and pious disquisitions" of the Englishman.

### Literary Notes.

OF "Sarchedon," the new and brilliant novel by Whyte-Melville, the *Athenaeum* speaks very highly. It approves the choice he has made of a period for his historical romance: "In the first place, it is not trite. The crowds who have found their literary materials in the quarries opened by Sir Walter Scott have not yet poured into the silent precincts of the Assyrian and Egyptian kings. There is still some freshness left in a narrative which, for the first time, colors those mighty forms with the hues of life, and inspires the archaic figures of the priests of Baal and the warriors of Ashur with the passions and aspirations which are confined to no age or country. In the next place, it is susceptible of poetic treatment. The desert and the palace—the marvellous culture subsisting side by side with the most primitive simplicity, and separated in the East by no impassable gulf of difference in language or manners, as in the complex individualities of Western civilization—have always afforded an attractive field for imaginative writers, who have preferred the contemplation of man in his abstract grandeur to the observation of his increasing success in the attainment of artificial mediocrity. Major Whyte-Melville has availed himself thoroughly of these opportunities, and in Assarac, the eunuch-priest, with his torturing passions and vast ambition—in the old lion-monarch, Ninus—in the proud Semiramis, and Sadoe, whose patient dignity is upheld in shame and suffering by the consciousness of his purer faith—we have portraits of such life-like truth and beauty as to rivet all our sympathy and attention. Sarchedon, the hero, is naturally, like all heroes, the exponent rather of the author than of any special period or type; but his simple, soldierly loyalty and faithfulness are qualities which can never be foreign to any time or country. In Ishtar, the desert princess and queen of his affections, we have an equally cosmopolitan embodiment of maiden purity and grace." The reviewer ends his notice by declaring that in "Sarchedon" the essential characteristics of Oriental life have been rendered with a vividness which leaves little to be desired.

"Darwinism refuted," by Mr. Sidney Herbert Laing, is the latest contribution to the "Descent-of-Man" question. "Mr. Laing," says the London *Examiner*, "favors his readers not only with a refutation of Mr. Darwin's hypothesis, but also with a sketch of his life, ancestry, and family connections. The latter is rather impertinent, and the former is somewhat beside the mark. 'However plausible a speculative theory may be,' says Mr. Laing, 'in seeming to afford an explanation of many facts we observe, that is not a conclusive argument of its truth, even when no other explanation is forthcoming.' Mr. Darwin has not advanced his 'speculative theory' as a 'conclusive argument.' He has merely, by study and observation, amassed a great number of facts, which, he thinks, can only, or may be best, explained on a certain hypothesis; but

he waits for other facts to be brought in evidence, if they can be, before he asks that his hypothesis shall be accepted as a law. Mr. Laing has merely stated, very briefly, insufficiently, and dogmatically, what no intelligent reader of 'The Descent of Man' needs to be told—that the links in the chain of evidence are not yet complete."

Mr. Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure Hours," just reprinted by D. Appleton & Co., is "principally occupied with short essays on interesting subjects lying within the domain of natural science, such as the Gulf-stream, tidal waves, tornadoes, earthquakes, and several other similar topics. The papers well deserve the title of 'Light Science for Leisure Hours'; they are popular in the proper sense of the word, remarkable for lucidity and the manner in which somewhat difficult investigations and deductions are made interesting and easy to the non-scientific mind."

The London *Athenaeum*, speaking of the beautiful edition of Plutarch's "Morals" issued by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, is astonished at the enterprise of the American publishers, and adds: "It is with shame that we chronicle the publication of this excellent revision, indicating, as it does, the existence in the reading public of the United States of a taste for classical literature for which we vainly look in England." The *Athenaeum* pays a high compliment to the skill and learning of Professor Goodwin, the editor of the "Morals," and declares that the work could not have been in better hands.

The *Lakeside Monthly* says that Boyd's "Reminiscences of Fifty Years" "will be enjoyed by all Scotchmen who have been long enough from home to see the differences between themselves and Englishmen; for most of these stories and notes turn upon the peculiarities of Scotch character. Mr. Boyd has had opportunities of a rare sort for seeing his countrymen in all kinds of situations, and he tells a story as well as it can be done—in type."

### Miscellany.

#### The Viaduct Railway.

A FRIEND in the country, who is bewildered by what he hears of the Viaduct Railway in this city, wants us to explain what it is and all about it.

The Viaduct Road is, thus far, a mere project. It exists as a flush of rose-color in the fancies of some New-York capitalists, but not an actual rail has yet been laid. Nevertheless we doubt not that the enterprise will go forward speedily, and that before General Grant is re-elected President of the United States, or Louis Napoleon resumes the throne of France, we shall be able to ride on a rail at an elevation of twenty-five feet above the streets of New York, on brick arches and at swift speed, from the City Hall to Harlem or King's Bridge.

The company who are to build the road consist of some of the best-known gentlemen in this city. The president is Henry Hilton; the vice-president, Hugh Smith; the treasurer, W. Butler Duncan; the secretary, Edward P. Barker; and among the directors are Alexander T. Stewart, William M. Tweed, August Belmont, Charles L. Tiffany, A. Oakley Hall, John Jacob Astor, and others.

The road is to run from the City Hall (or, to speak more accurately, from Tryon Row) to Houston or Bleecker Street, between Broad-

way and the Bowery. It will then divide and become two roads, one running along the East River, and the other along the North. The eastern branch will run between the Third Avenue and the East River; the western will cross Broadway at or near Houston Street, and run between Seventh Avenue and the North River to King's Bridge.

The portion of the road to be first completed is the trunk-line, extending from the City Hall to Bleecker Street, which is promised to the public in time for use in making the New-Year's calls of 1873.

The road is not to run through any existing thoroughfare, nor to interfere with the present currents of traffic. It will be above the streets. At the crossings, arches will be thrown so as to permit ordinary street-cars and other vehicles to pass under it. All obstacles in its way, such as dwellings and stores, will be taken by the company at an appraised valuation. The road-bed is to be made so solid that the locomotives and their trains will not jar the neighboring houses. The section of land which the railroad will cover will be put to an available use by building stores and warehouses on it.

Each branch of the road will have four separate sets of tracks—two up and two down. One set will be devoted to way-traffic or accommodation-trains, and the other to through-traffic without stoppage.

A statement has been put into our hands that the cost of real estate to be taken for the road-bed is estimated at six million dollars, and the cost of construction and equipment at fifteen million dollars.

The rate of speed is to be fifty or sixty miles an hour, which will bring the two ends of the city within a few minutes of each other.

The bridge over the East River between New York and Brooklyn will terminate so as to connect itself with this road; and we may consider that the bridge and the railway together will unite the first and the third city of the Union into what will be practically one metropolis.

As to the necessity for some means of rapid transit between the extreme ends of a city ten or twelve miles long, there cannot be two opinions. Time is money; and a railroad which saves the time of its passengers thereby in good part earns their living as well as its own. Whether the plans of the Viaduct Road (still crude and inchoate) will realize the expectations of the projectors or the public, we will not venture to predict. But we have great faith in the industry, persistency, and skill of Judge Hilton, its president; and, if anybody doubts its financial soundness, we have only to point to its list of directors, containing the names of many of the chief financiers of the city and nation.

If in this enterprise there is any job, or any concealed conspiracy against the public treasury, we do not know of it; but, if there proves to be any thing of the sort, we shall scathe and blister its authors the moment we find it out.

In modern civilization, the function of a great city is to furnish a man a place to do business in, and at the same time to live out of. But one must ride to and from his office or store so rapidly as not to consume a quarter or third of the day in coming and going. The Viaduct Road, skirting the city on either side, up and down its whole length, and carrying its legion of travellers at the highest English rate of speed, is an enterprise which, if successful, will, with the aid of the East-River Bridge, sooner or later make New York and its Brooklyn adjunct the one greatest city of the world.

—The Golden Age.

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### What has Scott done for Scotland?

What is the service that Scott has rendered to the world? What has he done for the land in which he happened to be born? He discovered Scotland, or that part of Scotland, at least, which is most visited, and which is present to the minds of most tourists when they speak of the country beyond the Tweed. Scott discovered the Trossachs, Loch Lomond, the Highlands, and the kilted clans, in precisely the same fashion as Columbus discovered America. Down south, it is true, there were vague traditions of a savage region lying beyond the Scotland of kirks and towns, and that region had even been visited by adventurous travellers, such as Captain Burt, just as America had been visited by Norse sailors centuries before Columbus was born. But "the eye sees only what it brings the power of seeing;" and Captain Burt did not see the Highlands which are painted in the pages of Scott, and into which any of us can dart after a fourteen hours' run from King's Cross. He saw only big, ugly, misshapen mountains, great masses of dirty heather, misery, and picturesque squalor. The beautiful curves of Ben Cruachan, the silver sheen of Loch Awe, the wooded islands that seem to float on Loch Lomond, the gloomy grandeur of Glencoe, the beauty of the river-like lakes that pierce the great Caledonian valley and join sea to sea, had no existence to the early English traveller. They were all discovered by Walter Scott. He sang about Roderick Dhu, and Fitzjames, and Helen, and straightway thousands rushed to the Trossachs, to discover for the first time that loch and land were beautiful. In like manner he discovered the Highlanders. Before his time, no doubt, it was well known that such people did exist; for the ugly affair of Glencoe had brought them unpleasantly into prominence; while the prowess of Montrose, Dundee, and Prince Charles, the battles of Iverlochy, Killiecrankie, and Preston Pans, had proclaimed, with disagreeable emphasis, that the barelegged and tartaned savages could fight. But the men discovered by England were a set of scoundrels, cut-throats, and thieves, who could not speak a Christian language, who still practised the rites of papistry, and were shrewdly suspected of a design to restore the practice of cannibalism, as well as the house of Stuart. The Highlanders discovered by Scott were a totally different race. They were as brave as Cour-de-Lion, and as chivalrous as Saladin. They were the best custodians of that beautiful chivalry which sentenced men to disgrace if gentleness and courtesy to woman did not accompany manly prowess. They kept alight the lamp of that loyalty which could remain steadfast to an historic family whom an ungrateful nation had presumed to drive into exile for exercising its kingly right to do what it liked with its own word of honor and its subjects' liberties and lives. They afforded the last home to that feudalism which bound the people to the lord of the soil by the tie of common affection, instead of by "the *æres* of cash payments." And, most important fact of all, their bravery, their courtesy, and chivalry, were set off by the most picturesque style of dress in Europe. Such were the Highlanders discovered by Walter Scott, and now ever present to the fancy of Englishmen. Whether the reality was more like the picture drawn by the imagination of the novelist, or that painted by the rude prejudices of our English forefathers, is a minor question on which it were unprofitable to dilate. The supreme fact is, that the Highlands and the Highlanders known to all the world were discovered by the man who wrote "The

Lady of the Lake" and "Waverley." It is possible that the land which produced Adam Smith as well as Walter Scott may still contain political economists, and that those sneering ruffians may ask, "What is the good of the discovery?" The answer can be stated in pounds, shillings, and pence. Scott's brain has been more valuable to his country than a mine of gold. Every autumn he draws from north, south, east, and west, a crowd of men laden with curiosity and money-bags, who offer tribute to King Scott whenever they pay the superb hotel-bills which form a distinctive feature of the country. Scott's brain supports half the hotels of Scotland; and it pays at least half the taxes. "The Heart of Midlothian" and "The Lady of the Lake" are worth a reduction of fourpence in the income-tax; the "Waverley Novels" are as good to Scotland as a yearly grant of half a million from the imperial exchequer.

### Venetian Mosaics.

The Venetian school of painting is noted in every country for its resplendent colorists, and, though it no longer presents to the world artists who in painting can compete with the illustrious dead, yet it holds an exalted place in modern art by producing the beautiful and enduring colors in the fine mosaics which are manufactured by Salvaiti on the Grand Canal.

The rooms which are shown to visitors are fitted up in a most attractive manner, and the delicate glass ornaments, which are also manufactured here, are arranged to delight the eye with their graceful forms and changing hues. Yet the finished work, beautiful as it is, fails to satisfy our curiosity. We must enter the large room, and become acquainted with the process of forming the beautiful figures in mosaic. In this room are seated perhaps fifty workmen, from the age of ten or twelve to forty. Each person has before him a little table, on which lie small boxes, containing the glass of which the picture is formed. These pieces of glass are of varied sizes, none of them exceeding one-eighth of an inch. They are of every color and shade, from the brightest scarlet to black. Some of those intended for delicate shading are in long, thin strips, to be cut into whatever form desired. On the table lies also the design which is to be filled in with glass; this may be a face, a flower, or any other part which goes to make up a large picture.

The outline of this design, whatever it may be, having been drawn, it is filled in, with the finest lines in pencil, which the workman must follow closely in his shading. The small bits of glass are handled with pincers, each one being dipped into a thick paste before being placed upon the line which it is destined to follow in the design. The heavy colors are, of course, put in first, and the delicate shading afterward. In many cases, this shading is done by the eye alone of the expert workman; but for the inexperienced the color needed is designated on the paper. When the last tiny bit has been added to the design, and it is complete, it remains upon the paper till the hundred others which help to form the picture are ready. The uninitiated, looking at this piece of irregular work, wonders where and how it will find its place; but, if he will look in a distant part of the room, he will find upon the floor a picture where the grouping together of just such little pieces forms the beautiful and perfect whole.

The glass, which is gilded, and which forms the groundwork of the picture, has over the gilding the thinnest possible coating of clear, white glass; thus protecting the surface which appears, and which is expected to endure for

ages. Some of the mosaics in St. Mark's date from the eleventh century, and are far more beautiful to-day than many of those in St. Peter's, at Rome.

The workmen at Salvaiti's receive, on an average, two francs and a half a day—eight or ten hours of which are spent at the table in hard work, while many of the remaining hours of either day or evening are supposed to be passed in the academy, one of the best in Italy, where the pupils receive free instruction.

This average of two francs and a half a day gives to the best workmen five, to others one, and in some cases to the youngest not over half a franc. The designer receives ten francs, which in Venice is considered a very large amount.

The mosaic used for floors is composed of colored stone, which is, of course, much more durable. The blocks, both large and small, are of regular shape, and are cut so as to fit together and form the beautiful designs used in the floors of churches or other buildings. These are cemented with a composition which, when hardened, becomes as firm as the stone itself.

The ancients knew well how to embed these bits of marble and stone, which formed the mosaics of their floors, so that for ages they might remain immovable. It was well that they did, as otherwise there would now be no trace of their beautiful designs. The habit of stealing (for it is nothing less) these bits of Verde, Rosso, African, Serpentine, and other rare and exquisite marbles, is now so common among vulgar travellers that one frequently sees a delicate-looking woman trying to force from its place one of these beautiful ancient specimens.

### The Condition of Paris.

There is some stirring in the streets, and some feeble strivings after pleasure—in the daytime, at least, for at night the streets are deserted. No wonder! The provision of gas is limited, the police are on the alert, arrests are numerous, private revenge is burning alow and deep, revolvers and *fusils-à-vent* are not all given up, and the authorities that be have too good reasons not to encourage the sale of petroleum. Visitors from all countries already crowd our hotels, lounge over our boulevards, bask under the fine sun, and seek in vain for a cab or a coach—the *Automedons* of those vehicles being rare, and their exactions so tremendous that ten francs per hour are sometimes asked for and given freely. Greeks and Armenians, men from the banks of the Danube and the Nile, come in shoals to contemplate ruins of which no description can give an adequate idea. What ruins! What a picturesque desolation! Whole *quartiers* are heaps of rubbish; chimneys hanging over the void space; upholstery still burning, and emitting smoke from the caves and deep cellars; arches half beaten down, and still bespattered with gore. As the walls of the Tuileries, Hôtel-de-Ville, etc., are still standing, and the *débris* have fallen inside, one scarcely realizes the amount of the harm done. The half-dismantled skeletons of the porticos show themselves erect and grizzly on a blue background, the smiling radiance of which renders the sight more fantastically intolerable and tragically heinous. At the Point du Jour, at Neuilly, at the Croix Rouge and Rue du Bac, more especially near the fortifications, the scene is an indescribable and incredible picture of desolation. It is difficult to name a street in which several houses have not been riddled with shot; and many private dwellings which appear intact have re-



ceived one or two of the shells which the impartial *Communeux* sent flying about at hazard; the *banlieue* Meudon, Sèvres, Asnières, are but a museum of ruined villas. The *Communeux* bore a particular hatred to the *banlieue*, whose inhabitants had not accepted the solidarity and companionship of those people; and they threw unmercifully loads of *obuses* and shells of every kind and shape on the *kiosks*, *chalets*, villas, and little *bijoux* of French suburban cockneydom. Some very pretty mansions are now no more. There is, consequently, a great hubbub of glaziers, carpenters, ebonists, iron and tile workers of all descriptions. They are valiantly at work, repairing partial damages and putting plasters on small wounds. As to building anew the whole demolished houses, it is another matter. Money is scarce; as no one devotes a thought to the financial difficulties of the country, it may remain scarce for a length of time. All seem convinced that France is rich enough to pay the cost of its defeat; and, truly, with some far-sightedness, wisdom, charity, and mutual forbearance, the *risorgimento* would be, if not easy and prompt, at least certain and within the means of our great, powerful, giddy, and unlucky country. Out of sixty thousand houses, not more than one hundred have been completely destroyed, and the resources of the community are still immense.

#### Dyspepsia.

If a man wishes to get rid of dyspepsia, he must give his stomach and brain less to do. It will be of no service for him to follow any particular regimen—to live on chaff-bread, or any such stuff—to weigh his food, etc., so long as the brain is in a constant state of excitement. Let that have proper rest, and the stomach will perform its functions. But if he pass fourteen or fifteen hours a day in his office or counting-room, and take no exercise, his stomach will inevitably become paralyzed, and, if he puts nothing into it but a cracker a day, it will not digest it. In many cases it is the brain that is the primary cause. Give that delicate organ some rest. Leave your business behind you when you go to your home. Do not sit down to your dinner with your brows knit, and your mind absorbed in casting up interest accounts. Never abridge the usual hours of sleep. Take more or less exercise in the open air every day. Allow yourself some innocent recreation. Eat moderately, slowly, and of what you please, provided it be not the shovel and tongs. If any particular dish disagrees with you, however, never touch it, or look at it. Do not imagine that you must live on rye-bread or oatmeal-porridge; a reasonable quantity of nutritious food is essential to the mind as well as the body. Above all, banish all thoughts of the subject. If you have any treatises on dyspepsia, domestic medicine, etc., put them directly into the fire. If you are constantly talking and thinking about dyspepsia, you will surely have it. Endeavor to forget that you have a stomach. Keep a clear conscience; live temperately, regularly, cleanly; be industrious, too, but be temperate.

#### The Vendôme Column.

The Vendôme Column, destroyed at Paris by the Commune, was one of the noblest monuments in the world. It was erected by the first Napoleon, its exterior being covered with magnificent historical bas-reliefs, commemorative of French military achievements. It was made from the bronze of 1,800 cannon, captured from the Russians, Prussians, and Austrians. It was begun on the 25th of August, 1806, and entirely finished in 1810. Total

weight of the bronze, 600,000 pounds. The expenses for the construction were as follows: Melting the bronze, 154,837 francs; weighing same, 450 fr.; chiselling, 267,219 fr.; the statue, by Chaudet, 13,000 fr.; 33 sculptors for the bas-reliefs, 199,000 fr.; sculptured cornices, 39,116 fr.; general designs, 11,400 fr.; masons, locksmiths, carpenters, and plumbers, 601,979 fr.; architects, 50,000 fr.; 251,367 kilog. of bronze, at 4 fr., 1,005,468 fr.; total, 2,352,468 fr., or about \$470,500.

### Foreign Items.

A LETTER written by a Polish exile in Siberia, and published in the Galician *Dziennik*, gives a heart-rending account of the sufferings which the men who participated in the insurrection of 1863 have to undergo. He says that their food is utterly insufficient, and that the Russian officers who act as their keepers treat them with terrible brutality. Women of noble descent are frequently flogged for trifling infractions of discipline until they are senseless, and prisoners who attempt to escape receive invariably one hundred lashes with the knout. The writer of the letter says that two-thirds of the Poles who were transported to Siberia eight years ago are dead, and he appeals to the civilized press throughout the world to denounce the conduct of the Russian Government.

The Prussian diplomatists are greatly exercised about the impending publication of the memoirs of Prince Puckler-Muskau, which will be edited by Ludmilla Assing. The prince during his long life became acquainted with nearly every celebrity of the present century, and it is believed that his memoirs will be more interesting than any similar work that has been issued for a long time past. He was noted for his independent character, and his memoirs will probably contain a great many spicy revelations about the last two Kings of Prussia and their ministers.

Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, the favorite daughter of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia, on the occasion of her recent silver-wedding presented each member of the imperial family of Russia with a life of her parents, Nicholas and Alexandra, written by herself, and of which only copies enough for distribution were printed. The gorgeously-bound volumes were embellished with water-color sketches painted by the Empress Maria.

When the imperial family of Russia was recently on a visit to the King and Queen of Wurtemberg at Friedrichshafen on the Bodensee, the young noblemen of the neighborhood had a swimming contest, in which the Grand-duke Alexis and the Prince of Hesse participated. The princes, however, were beaten. The czar witnessed the contest with much interest, and presented the winner with a costly prize.

The brothers of Alexandre Wolff, the Prussian who is one of the editors of the Paris *Figaro*, and who constantly attacks Germany in the most virulent manner, publish in the German papers a card, in which they say that his family is deeply mortified at the course he pursues. The young man was educated at the expense of Queen Augusta of Prussia.

Bibliomaniacs seem to be unusually numerous in Germany this year. A village-teacher near Augsburg was caught the other day in the act of carrying off from a book-

store in that city several very costly works. When the police searched his humble home, there were found several thousand expensive volumes, all carefully packed away in boxes.

Among the German authors who fought in the recent war, and who were decorated with the Iron Cross for distinguished services, is Hermann Grimm, whose "Unconquerable Powers" and "Life of Michael Angelo" have been translated into several languages. He was dangerously wounded at the battle of Gravelotte.

The celebrated Bonapartist leader and journalist, Granier de Cassagnac, noted under the second empire for the violence of his writings and his pecuniary extravagance, lives now in deep retirement, and, it is said, in humble circumstances, at the small village of Plaisance, near Nîmes, in the Gers Department, of which he was recently elected mayor.

The wife of General Prim recently found in a secret drawer of her husband's desk a letter, in which he gave her full instructions as to what she should do with his property in case of his death. In that letter, which he wrote on the day preceding his assassination, he said he had a secret foreboding that such would be his fate.

There is much distress among the French dramatists. Their copyrights, which in former times were so lucrative, are at present quite insignificant; and even such popular authors as Sardou, Augier, and Alexandre Dumas, are unable to dispose of their new plays on advantageous terms.

A Frenchman has issued, at Brussels, a pamphlet on German literature, in which he asserts that Friedrich von Schiller was a very immoral character, and that Theodor Körner, the celebrated poet and dramatist, was his illegitimate son. The pamphlet closes with the words, "Enfin, the Germans have no literature at all."

Constantine Tischendorf, the learned theologian, who has acquired so much celebrity by the successful exploration of the library of the Vatican and of the manuscript treasures at the Mount Sinai Convent, will soon visit Spain, and see what literary treasures he can find there.

Emile Ollivier has not returned to Paris. He lives at Turin, and will probably never go back to France. He is familiar with the Italian language, and has written quite a number of articles for the *Nazione* and other Turin journals.

Like all other monarchs in Europe, the King of Belgium is constantly bothered by applications for his autograph. He answers them by a refusal written by his secretary on very thick paper, costing four times the usual rate of postage. The letters are not franked.

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, whose candidature for the Spanish throne last year was one of the causes of the war between Germany and France, has left the Prussian service, and will devote himself hereafter exclusively to farming.

A quack doctor in Moscow, who had thousands of patients, was recently ordered by the police to leave that city. Upon his refusal to do so, he was flogged and sent for a year to the workhouse.

King Victor Emmanuel's favorite pastime is hunting wild-boars in the mountains. But

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he is a very poor shot, and his life has repeatedly been endangered by the recklessness with which he attacked the animals he had wounded.

Abd-el-Kader owns a house in Paris. It was built in 1864, and is fitted up in true Oriental style. Prince Napoleon, who is on friendly terms with the ex-emir, superintended its construction. The house was slightly damaged during the bombardment.

Old Baldomero Espartero, who once as Principe de la Paz played so conspicuous a part in the history of Spain, is very deaf, and has nearly lost his eyesight. Otherwise his health is very good, and he walks every day seven or eight miles.

The Khédive of Egypt is known for his wit, and equally for his impatience in attending councils of his cabinet. When nothing of great importance is discussed in them, he keeps his ministers in a constant roar by the dull anecdotes he tells them.

A splendid monument, consisting of a gigantic bronze statue, will be erected to Field-Marshal von Moltke at his birthplace Parchim, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Edmond About, who recently lost his wife, is engaged to be married to a sister-in-law of Marshal Canrobert, Miss McDonald, a Scottish lady.

The proprietor of *Galignani's Messenger*, the English organ in Paris, has for months past made efforts to sell his paper, without being able to find a purchaser for it.

The Geneva journals praise Queen Isabella of Spain for her benevolence. She has spent there since her arrival over fifty thousand dollars for the benefit of the poor.

Stringent instructions were issued by the Versailles Government to all prefects in France not to permit any celebration on Napoleon's day, the 15th of August.

The police in Vienna have notified the newspaper-publishers in that city that they will no longer be permitted to insert matrimonial advertisements in their journals.

The most eloquent preacher in Italy is said to be a monk at Sorrento, who has separated from the Church on account of the infallibility dogma. His name is Fra Girardini.

All the journalists of Italy seem to be flocking to Rome. The Eternal City has now already fourteen daily papers, and ten more are announced.

A stock company has been formed at Berlin, with a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, for the publication of a first-class illustrated newspaper.

The golden rose, which the pope sends every year to a Catholic princess, will this time be sent to the Queen of Belgium.

It is said that the German Government has informed Victor Hugo that he will not be permitted to travel in that country.

In the Polish town of Wirballen two-thirds of the male inhabitants have been carried off by the cholera.

The best officer in the Turkish army is an Armenian Christian, and the best sailor in the sultan's navy an American.

Madame Rattazzi's new book will be en-

titled "Why I did not remain a Queen; a Fairy-tale."

A nephew of Count Cavour was recently rejected for incapacity at the examination of the naval cadets at Genoa.

France has four professors teaching the Chinese and Japanese languages, and Germany ten.

The average salary of a minister in Denmark is one hundred and fifty dollars a year, and in Sweden one hundred and ten.

In Poland, last year, more scientific works were published than novels. In every other European country the reverse was the case.

## Varieties.

TAKING from a biographical dictionary the fact that, of two thousand authors, seven hundred and fifty were born in the country, and twelve hundred and fifty in towns, an English essayist concludes that intellectual activity is unequally distributed, but is greater among city than country populations. It is, however, argued that, although among large masses of educated people, there is always a species of mental friction in operation which is favorable to the production of a certain kind of talent; yet that, on examining the quality of the intellect produced in the town and country, the latter will be found to be of a superior description. Town life, it is suggested, favors the development rather than the production of mental energy.

A new game called the "dot" game, has been introduced, and is said to afford considerable amusement. Each player must be provided with pencil and paper. Let one of the party read aloud—distinctly, and not very fast—and as he or she reads, let the rest each make a dot for every word read. When the page is read, count the words, and then let each player count his dots, and see who has been accurately "up to time."

Those who think the oil wells of Pennsylvania have played out, may be surprised to learn that the production of petroleum in this country is steadily on the increase. In 1860 we exported but one and a half millions of gallons; in 1868 it had reached ninety-nine millions, and last year it was one hundred and forty-one millions. The increase in the flow of oil in Pennsylvania, since 1867, has been nearly fifty per cent.

The Paris papers state that the committee of engineers appointed to report upon the construction of a tunnel across the Channel between England and France, have accepted the plan of M. Thome de Gamond, and that the work will probably be commenced, on one side at Dieppe, and on the other side at New-haven. The cost of the work is estimated at about fifty million dollars, and the duration of the work six years.

One of a party of Eastern men offered a miner a half-dollar for showing them through the Nevada silver-mines. He looked at the money a moment, and then turning to the Easterner said: "May I ask you how much you are estimated at home to be worth?" "About twenty-five thousand dollars," was the reply. "Well," said the miner, "I guess I won't take your half-dollar. I made a quarter of a million here last month."

A man who was annoyed by clerks in the custom-house, was advised to complain to the collector, which he did, saying: "Sir, I have been abused here by some of the rascals in this place, and I came to tell you of it, as I understand you are the principal!"

Queen Victoria has given orders that the pulpit sand-glass, which indicates the length of time allowed for the sermon in the Royal Chapel, shall be measured for twenty minutes only, instead of an hour, as formerly.

The State of Michigan contains five thousand one hundred and eleven inland lakes,

covering an area of eleven hundred and fourteen miles, besides a water-front on the great lakes of more than eighteen hundred miles.

When James Russell Lowell was in Italy, a begging friar came to him one day with a subscription for repairing his convent. Lowell said: "Ah! but I am a heretic." The friar replied: "Undoubtedly, but your money is perfectly orthodox."

The hotel in New England with the longest name is the "Quoquinnapesakesosanogog" House at Hampton Beach. It is only one letter less than the whole alphabet.

According to the official report, the British Museum of London was visited by four hundred and twenty-seven thousand two hundred and forty-seven persons in 1870.

The late Duke of Anhalt has left his daughter, the Princess Frederick Charles of Prussia, a legacy of four million two hundred thousand dollars.

Balloonists don't care about making much money. If they can only make ascent they are satisfied.

"Put money in thy purse," as the pick-pocket said when he robbed a man of an empty one.

Nilsen has sung one hundred nights in America, and she has made one hundred thousand dollars by it.

Can a homely woman with a Grecian bend be accurately described as an "inclined plain?"

The University of Berlin numbers one hundred and seventy-three professors and other teachers at present.

A cynical lady, rather inclined to flirt, says most men are like a cold—very easily caught, but very difficult to get rid of.

The fellow who called tight boots comfortable, defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

The man who sat down on an open paper of carpet-nails said they reminded him of the income-tax.

There are ninety public and one hundred and seventy-nine private banks in Germany.

A newspaper advertisement calls for a plain cook, able to dress a little boy five years old.

The wealthiest church in Germany is the Jewish synagogue at Berlin.

Two women are partners in the law-business in Kansas. They are sisters-in-law.

"Letter go!" as the boy said when he lamp-posted his letter at the street corner.

The sting of a bee carries conviction with it. It makes a man a bee-leaver at once.

## The Museum.

WE use the term "museum" as covering every thing of a curious or interesting nature, and hence architecture may legitimately be accepted as within the scope of its meaning. The great Union Railroad Depot, just completed in New York, is the largest if not the handsomest structure of the kind in the world. It is situated in Fourth Avenue, extending from Forty-Second to Forty-Fifth Street. It is seven hundred feet long, two hundred and forty feet wide, and, in the centre of the great arched roof, rises to a height of one hundred and nine feet. The ground occupied is nearly four acres. The exterior is of brick, with heavy iron trimmings; the interior walls are of brick, with stone trimmings; the roof is supported, and in part formed, by immense iron arches of two hundred feet span. The roof is composed of alternate glass and iron plates. Ten tracks, with nine marble walls between, are laid for the accommoda-

tion of trains. Large and handsome waiting-rooms, baggage-rooms, etc., abound, and in the upper floors of the front portion of the building are located the offices of the roads for which it was constructed—the Harlem, the New Haven, and the Hudson River Railroad Companies. The iron trimmings of the exterior are, with very bad taste, painted white. The structure was far more imposing in character, when the iron was of a brown tint, before the painters' brush had given it its present glaring

hue. But if the exterior, which is very noble and handsome in form, has been injured by the selection of color, the interior, on the con-

trary, is ornamented in tints and colors of the most felicitous choice. The great spanning roof is painted in a delicate light blue, which gives a airy, grace, and loftiness to the space. The lower portion of the iron girders, where they spring from the base of the walls, are beautifully illuminated in various tints. The whole effect of the interior is very fine as regards color, while as to space there is no bulk in the country of dimensions so great. The entire cost of the ground and buildings was about three million dollars.



The New Union Railroad Depot, New York.

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**HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.**  
**OFFICE OF FISK & HATCH,**  
**BANKERS & DEALERS IN GOVERNMENT SECURITIES**  
**No. 5 Nassau Street,**

NEW YORK, Aug. 14, 1871.  
 The successful negotiation of the new Government Five per Cent. Loan, and the calling in of \$50,000,000 of Five-Twenties, to be paid in gold, show that hereafter from 3 to 4 per cent. will be the highest rate of interest paid on the bonds of the United States. Hence, investors who desire a larger income with equal security are withdrawing a part of their funds from Government bonds, and are seeking to place their money where it will be equally safe and more remunerative. Railroad bonds of the highest class are believed to offer the greatest advantages; and among the best of these are the FIRST MORTGAGE GOLD BONDS OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY. The road promises to be one of the most remunerative, popular, and useful of the great through lines connecting the Mississippi Valley with the seaboard. The Company has no floating debt, and it is under the management of men of well-known experience and large wealth. It has already in operation 227 miles of road, well constructed, and doing a good business. In 40 days, 95 miles more will be opened, making 322 miles completed; and, as about 5,000 men are constantly at work upon it, the remaining 105 miles, which will finish the road, are expected to be opened next summer. The road has low grades and light curves, which secure an economy of transportation expenses. It is considerably shorter than the great competing lines, passes through a rich agricultural and mineral district, the deposits of iron and coal being inexhaustible. The bonds are an absolute 30 years' security, and, if obtained in exchange for Five-Twenties, the investor adds nearly 50 per cent. to his capital, besides retaining 6 per cent. gold interest.  
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